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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

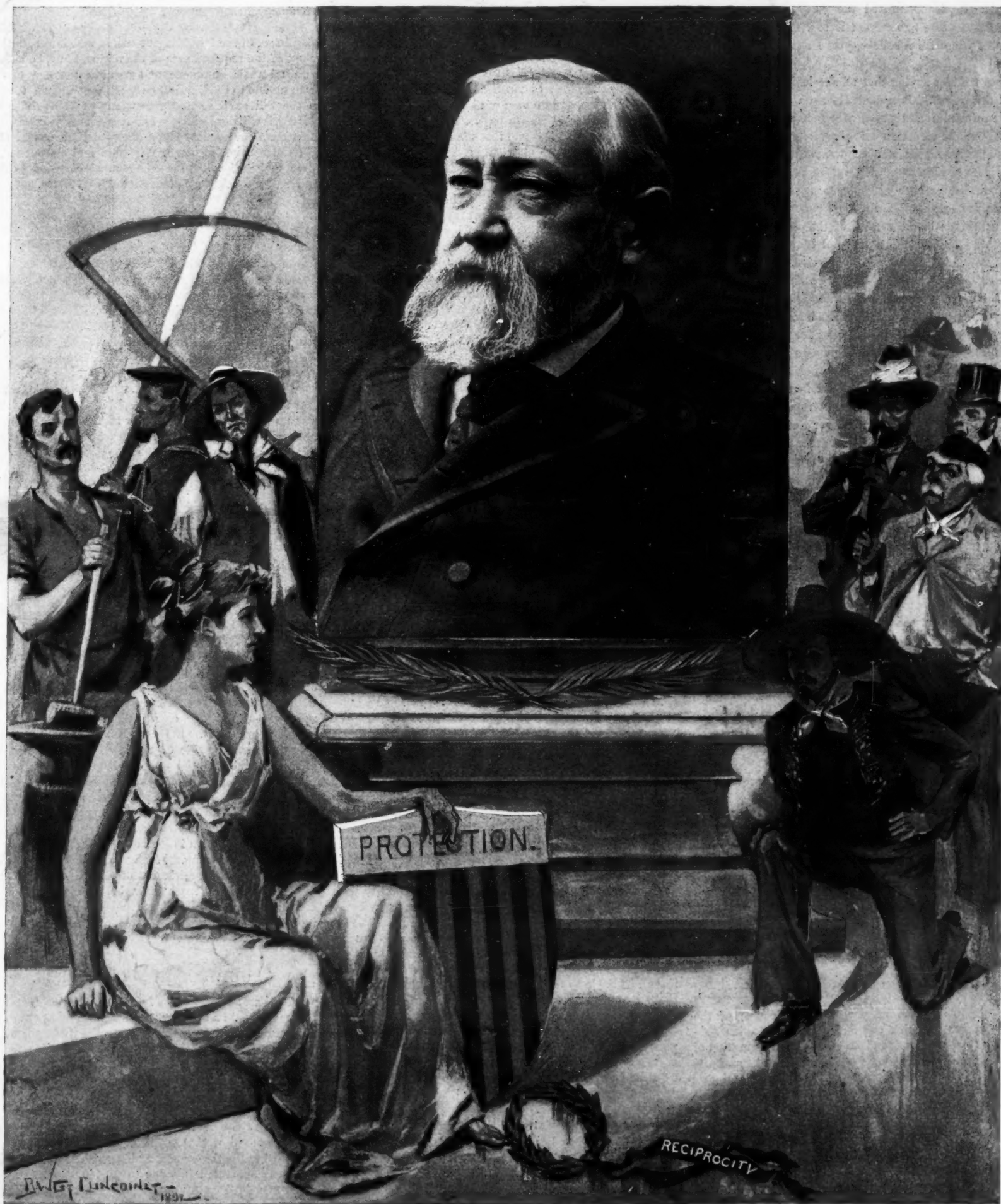
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BENJAMIN HARRISON.—PHOTOGRAPH BY J. D. MERRITT.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT, AND WHAT HE REPRESENTS.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1892.

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THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE.

THE National Republican Convention has justified the expectations of its great constituency. Disregarding the clamor of hostile faction, and refusing to lend itself to schemes which had no higher motive than a sense of personal grievance, it committed the party standard to the man who four years ago carried it to victory, and who in this contest will, as we believe, prove again the successful leader.

It goes without saying that all the logic of the case demanded this result. President Harrison not only represents the principles and policy which have contributed so immensely to the elevation and prosperity of the country, but is the embodiment also of the loftiest impulses and best instincts of his party. His entire political career has been dominated by high conscientiousness of purpose, by sturdy fidelity to principle, and by a generous consecration of all his abilities to the service of the people. As President he has maintained the national honor at home and abroad, has elevated the public service, has sought in everything the advancement of the public prosperity, and amid all the entanglements and contentions of politics has preserved his personal reputation absolutely without stain. His administration stands conspicuous for cleanliness, exact business method, and inflexible courage in the maintenance of sound principle.

While all this is true it is also the fact that President Harrison up to a recent date did not regard himself as a candidate for renomination. For over three years he had enjoyed the honors and carried the burdens and perplexities of his high office. He had striven in everything to do his duty as he understood it. In all his declarations as to the succession he avowed a purpose not to consult mere personal ambition, but to be obedient to the commands of the people. If they desired another candidate, he was prepared to give him a generous and a hearty support. This was his known attitude up to the time Mr. Blaine publicly announced that his name would not be permitted to go before the national convention. From that time forward, obedient to the demands of the great body of Republican voters, General Harrison was understood to be willing again to lead the party as its Presidential candidate.

It is undoubtedly true that if Mr. Blaine had at any time within the last two or three months, in compliance with a popular demand, avowed his willingness to be a candidate, President Harrison would have given him the support of his administration. The persistence of the ex-Secretary, up to the very eve of the convention, in maintaining absolute reticence justified the convention in believing that his resignation from the Cabinet, while it might be construed as indicative of a withdrawal of his previous letter, did not warrant the serious consideration of his claims, or the retirement of the President from the canvass. We believe that the Republicans of the country share this conclusion, and that they will not only regard General Harrison under the circumstances as the logical candidate, but as the proper candidate of the party for the Presidential succession.

THE PUNISHMENT OF TREATY OFFENSES.

THE admitted want of power in the courts of the United States to punish the outrages upon Italian subjects in New Orleans brings into prominence a question of national jurisdiction which agitated the Bar and the courts in the early days of the republic. The government, by its treaty with Italy, is bound to protect Italian citizens domiciled in this country. But the Secretary of State is compelled to declare that, as the law stands, the courts cannot fulfill that duty. This is because it has, after much conflict of opinion, been settled as the law that, where Congress has not specified or defined a crime, the common law cannot supply the omission, and that acts not declared to be criminal by the laws of Congress cannot be brought into the category of "crimes and offenses cognizable under the authority of the United States."

This view of the subject was not accepted as settled

law without much controversy and fluctuation of opinion. It was upheld in 1803 by Mr. St. George Tucker in an elaborate essay, but in 1824 Mr. Du Ponceau, in his "Dissertation on the Nature and Extent of the Jurisdiction of the United States Courts," stoutly maintained the opposite view. In 1793 a man was tried in the United States Court for Pennsylvania for illegally enlisting in a French privateer, and Mr. Justice Wilson, of the United States Supreme Court, sustained the jurisdiction, although there was no United States statute making the act punishable. He held that the law of nations, as part of the common law, and also the treaties of the United States, were sufficient to give jurisdiction. In the same year a consul from Genoa was tried for sending anonymous letters to the British Minister, and jurisdiction was asserted on the same ground. So in 1799 a man was tried for accepting a commission in a French armed vessel and committing acts of hostility to Great Britain. Chief Justice Ellsworth sustained the jurisdiction in the absence of statutory provision upon common-law grounds.

But in 1798 Mr. Justice Chase, of the Supreme Court, had declared that the United States courts could not punish a man for any act before it was declared to be criminal by a law of the United States, and in the famous trial of Aaron Burr in 1803, Chief Justice Marshall declared that in criminal cases the laws of the United States constitute the sole rule of action, and no man can be condemned or prosecuted in the Federal courts on a State law. Again, in 1812, the Supreme Court held that the legislative authority of the Union must first make an act a crime, and declare that the court shall have jurisdiction of it.

After that time the question came up in several cases, and at different periods, by which it became conclusively settled that the United States has not any "common law," other than the Constitution and the laws enacted in pursuance thereof, to be the basis or guide in the exercise of criminal jurisdiction.

Such is now the law, and for that reason the government was obliged to say to the Italian authorities that they could not punish the Mafia murderers, although our treaty justly required it. This was a humiliating admission for one great government to make to another, and one very difficult to explain to foreign minds not familiar with our political conditions and judicial history. It was very reasonable for the Italian government to say that if we are one nation, assuming to make treaties with others, we ought to be able to enforce them, and that if a crime, in violation of a solemn treaty, is committed anywhere within our national jurisdiction, we ought to punish it. And if we reply that under our judicial system our courts have held that we cannot punish such crimes without a definite law for that purpose, and that we have, as yet, passed no such laws, the just answer is that we ought to do so without delay. It is because we cannot deny the justice of this demand that the law now pending in Congress is proposed. That law substantially provides that crimes against the provisions of a treaty shall be deemed offenses against the United States and punishable by its courts.

There should be no complaint against such a law by even the stoutest defender of State rights. We cannot hold our rightful place among nations if we confess ourselves unable to enforce the compacts we make with them. It is idle and humiliating to be compelled to say that such violations of our duties as a national government must be dealt with by different subdivisions of the national whole, according to their different popular views and systems of jurisprudence. We would not be content with any such evasion of national duties by other governments.

It is objected that the proposed law provides for the adoption by the United States courts, in these cases, of the applicable provisions of the laws of the State where the offense is committed, and this is declared to be unconstitutional. But this is no new thing in our criminal law. It was long ago provided that in criminal cases arising under the civil rights legislation, the jurisdiction of the United States courts, where the Federal laws are insufficient, shall be exercised and punishment inflicted in conformity with the common law and the statutes of the State where the trial is held. And it was also provided that if an offense be committed in any fort, arsenal, dock-yard, or other place where the United States has exclusive jurisdiction, and it is not specially provided for by United States laws, it shall be liable to the same punishment as the laws of the State in which the place is situated prescribe for a like offense.

The proposed legislation is thus in harmony with our policy heretofore adopted, and it is obviously proper and necessary in order to enable us to meet our treaty obligations, and to maintain our dignity among civilized nations.

NATURALIZATION ABUSES.

A MEMORIAL has been presented to the United States Senate from leading citizens of New York without regard to party, calling attention to the enormous evils which attend our present system of naturalization, and asking the appointment of a committee to inquire into the general subject and devise some remedial legislation. The subject is one of vast importance, and it is certainly to be hoped that Congress will be moved to action by this timely

appeal. Next to the corruption of the ballot-box by the debaucheries so well known to the partisan politician, there can be no more serious menace to our institutions than the hasty and inconsiderate naturalization of aliens who are wholly unfitted for the duties of citizenship. In many of the larger cities the methods of naturalization are lamentably irregular and defective. It is well known that prior to the last election in this State great numbers of recently-arrived immigrants were naturalized with shameless disregard of decency. Statistics show that as many as 6,871 naturalizations were granted by a single judge during the first twenty days of October of last year, the court sitting but five hours a day, so that the new citizens were manufactured at the rate of one a minute. Another specification is to the effect that one judge in three days naturalized 1,683 aliens, or at the rate of about two a minute for the entire session of the court. It goes without saying that these results could not have been properly reached; they could only be made possible by wholesale perjury, false personation, and criminal official indifference. From other cities we have similar testimony.

If aliens representing the effete civilizations of the Old World can, in the twinkling of an eye and in practical contempt of the requirements of the national law, be admitted with all their ignorance and prejudices—very many of them unable to read, write, or speak the English tongue—to the full exercise and enjoyment of the privileges of citizens, it will not be long before it will become impossible to maintain a government based upon intelligence and virtue, and citizenship, hopelessly degraded and debauched, will cease to be of value, becoming an element of weakness rather than an element of strength to the State.

THE PORT JERVIS LYNCHING.

THE recent lynching of a negro at Port Jervis in this State reveals a condition of local sentiment which is comparable only to that which prevails in some Southern States, where utter contempt for the sacredness of human life has become a dominant passion. The victim of this outrage was seized by a crowd of infuriated men, and after being stripped of his clothing and dragged up and down the streets, in spite of the efforts of the mayor to prevent it, was strung up to a tree and left to hang there for an hour in the presence of over a thousand people, who appear to have actually enjoyed the hideous spectacle. There was no evidence at all, outside of the man's incoherent statements, that he was the person who had perpetrated the outrage which so excited the populace. There was no attempt to get at the truth in a deliberate, lawful way. The man was simply murdered.

The amazing fact in connection with the affair is that, according to the newspaper account, public sentiment was divided, many persons "approving and applauding the work of the lynchers," on the ground that such a course was necessary to prevent future repetitions of the same offense. This is precisely the pretext upon which Southern lynchers attempt to justify their frequent appeals to mob law. We have said repeatedly that these Southern offenders were guilty of a crime against civilization, and deserve the severest punishment the law can impose. The criminal participators in the Port Jervis outrage equally deserve the imposition of the very heaviest penalties. In one view of the case they are the greater offenders, since with us the orderly processes of the law can always be relied upon to avenge outrages like that here in question. No community in the State of New York can find an excuse for going outside of the law for the punishment of offenders against social order or the rights of person or property. Every one of these Port Jervis lynchers, therefore, is guilty of a deliberate offense against the law, and the authorities should instantly proceed against them. We are glad to believe that the better class of citizens will heartily sustain them in such a course. The case does not admit of any paltering. If any community can take into its own hands the punishment of offenders, no matter how diabolical their offenses may be, independently of the constituted lawful methods, then not only will life cease to be sacred, but chaos will come with all its tremendous hazards to society at large.

OUR FOREIGN COMMERCE.

A RECENT analysis of the foreign commerce of the United States shows in a striking way its enormous growth under the present administration. During the three years ending with March last the exports of merchandise from the United States aggregated \$2,721,251,195, as against an aggregate of \$2,159,343,289 for the three years ending with March, 1889. In other words, these exports during the first three years under President Harrison exceeded those of the last three years of President Cleveland's administration by a total of \$561,907,906. The imports of merchandise during the three years ending with March of the present year amounted in value to \$2,440,053,828, as against imports valued at \$2,130,358,910 for the previous three years. These figures show that the total value of our foreign commerce for the first of these periods was \$5,161,305,023, while the total (exports and imports combined) for the period ending with March, 1889, was

\$4,280,702,199—an excess of \$871,602,824 in favor of the past three years.

It also appears from these figures that the excess of exports over imports during the three years ending March, 1889, amounted to \$28,984,379, while the excess of exports over imports during the last three years aggregated \$281,197,367, which was the balance of trade in our favor for that period.

The statistics with reference to the foreign commerce of the last year are especially instructive. During the year ending with April the exports reached the unprecedented value of \$1,011,505,279, far surpassing the aggregate value of exports in any prior twelve months in the history of American commerce. At the same time the value of the imports for the year was \$832,098,765. Thus the balance of trade in favor of the United States for the year was \$179,406,514. The increase of exports during that year was 15.02 per cent. During the same period, according to British authorities, there was a decrease in British exports of 5.06 per cent.

If the country is going to ruin, as some free-trade newspapers pretend, certainly the fact does not appear in the commercial statistics of the time.

THE SYRACUSE PROTEST.

It is significant of the permanency of the revolt against the Hill machine that the Syracuse convention elected a State committee, composed of representative men, to take charge of the coming canvass in this State. Should Mr. Cleveland be nominated, it is understood that there will be selected out of this general committee an executive body which, ignoring the Hill committee, will assume and insist upon exercising entire control of the campaign. It is said that the chairman of this committee is already selected, and it is added that the wealthy backers of the ex-President have agreed to supply a fund of a quarter of a million, with which they hope to conciliate disgruntled Tammanyites and organize a vigorous campaign at all points of the line. These protesting representatives of the "better Democratic sentiment" evidently appreciate the value of the lubricating element in campaign methods.

It is a somewhat notable fact that this Syracuse convention, made up, as it was, of persons of respectability, utterly failed in its platform to condemn by ever so faint a declaration the infamous crimes against the ballot-box which were perpetrated by Senator Hill and his associate intriguers during the past winter. The convention did not hesitate at all to denounce the so-called "Force bill," by which Congress proposed to put an end to invasions of popular rights and wholesale disfranchisement of voters at the South, declaring that act to be a blow "at the supremacy of the ballot"; but it did not so much as lip a syllable in reprobation of the crime by which three men who had been defeated at the polls obtained seats in the Senate of New York, or in condemnation of those other crimes of Maynard and Rice, and the rest, which put contempt upon the constituted and authoritative expression of the popular will, and consolidated the control of legislation in the hands of a gang of usurpers. We suspect that the general estimate of the virtue of the protesting Democrats will be unfavorably affected by this amazing display of inconsistency and insincerity.

NAVAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

In a recent issue we pointed out certain facts from official records showing that under the existing system of recruiting for the navy the expense of getting in a recruit amounts to considerably more than his pay for the entire cruise for which he is enlisted. We recur to this subject now in order to emphasize the fact that the system, maintained under all administrations, is wrong, and should be abolished.

It is simply preposterous that each one of the 7,500 men allowed by Congress to do the manual labor incident to cruising and fighting the ships of the navy should cost the people more than double the amount contemplated by the law. A system under which such a state of things is possible cannot be justified, and an inquiry should at once be made by competent investigators, with the object of bringing the facts officially before Congress, and, if possible, securing a correction of the abuse. Such an inquiry might properly and profitably be directed to these specific points:

1. How many receiving-ships have been in commission during the five years ended June 30th, 1891, or any part thereof, stating the name, character, and age of each; what has been the cost of maintaining each ship, by fiscal years or parts thereof, including the pay and rations of officers and men attached thereto, and the expense of plants and repairs; how many officers and men have been assigned as the complement of each vessel, stating their grades, ratings, and pay; and how many men and apprentices have been enlisted at each rendezvous, by fiscal years or parts thereof.

2. How many apprentice or training ships have been maintained by the Navy Department during the period mentioned, or any part thereof, stating the name, character, and age of each vessel, the number of apprentices who have received training thereon, by fiscal years or parts thereof, and the cost of maintaining each vessel, by

fiscal years or parts thereof, including the pay and rations of officers and men, and the grade, rating, and pay of each while serving on board such vessels.

3. How many apprentices trained for sea service on board these training-ships, or on any cruising vessel of the navy, have entered the navy after their discharge from the apprentice service, stating the number by fiscal years, during the period mentioned.

4. By what authority of law the Navy Department sets apart vessels of the navy for the recruiting and training service, and assigns officers and men to serve thereon.

There are some other matters that might also be looked into with profit both to the country and to the naval service, but as a whole the question of extravagant and unbusiness-like naval expenditures is a large subject, and it would not be advisable, perhaps, for an investigation to attempt too much at one time. Thus, if the cost of maintaining certain naval stations for the repair of ships should be shown to be (say) for the past five years, more than double the entire value of the vessels that have been refitted during that period at such stations; or if it should appear that two vessels of the navy, the *Vesuvius* and the *Cushing*, have been kept in commission, with full cruising complements of officers and men, for two years or so, when neither is or has been in condition to strike a blow as a fighting ship; or if the cost of ordinary articles of outfit, such as anchors, blocks, chain cables, ropes, and sails, under the naval system of manufacture, is two or three times the market value of such articles; or if the scarcity of men to man the cruisers, of which much has been said in late years, should mainly be accounted for by the assignment of several hundred persons on board ships and at shore stations as servants and messengers under fictitious ratings—these, and other interesting things in the same line that might be uncovered by an intelligent inquiry, may, we repeat, perhaps await a more seasonable time for consideration.

But a beginning might well be made in investigating the criminally wasteful system of obtaining men for the navy, by which it costs seven hundred dollars to enlist a six-hundred-dollar man!

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE memory of the late Henry W. Grady, the distinguished Southern journalist, will be perpetuated not only by a monument erected in the city whose interests he did so much to promote, but by a hospital which has recently opened its doors in Atlanta for the reception of patients. This institution bears the name of the dead journalist, and we suspect that it will prove a more acceptable and permanent memorial than the statue which was first erected.

THERE is a probability that the Democrats and the people's party of Kansas will unite upon an electoral ticket, and that there will also be coalition as to some of the candidates for State offices. The leaders of both the contracting parties are intensely anxious to "beat the Republicans," and the indications are that they will consent to any sort of a combination which is likely to promote that result. Success seems to be the one principle upon which all the "outs" are perfectly agreed.

THE Congressional Reapportionment bill passed by the Legislature of Ohio seems to be along the lines of gerrymandering, and we are not surprised that it has already created trouble in some of the unnaturally constituted districts. A Republican gerrymander is just as obnoxious as one bearing the impress of Democracy. There are certain principles of justice and equity which all parties are bound to recognize, and in the long run any party which puts contempt upon these principles is bound to suffer a loss of public confidence. We regret that the Ohio Republicans have been tempted to depart from the line of straightforward fairness in the legislation on this subject.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Tribune*, referring to Dr. Rainsford's scheme for elevating the saloon by putting it under the patronage of the church, inquires whether the good doctor proposes to stop with the saloon. The inquiry is timely. Does he propose to go logically forward and take all the various disreputable industries under the wing and protection of the church? Does he imagine that the brothel and gambling-hell can be elevated by throwing around them the panoply of church respectability? The argument upon which he justifies his scheme as to the saloon certainly applies with equal force to these other pursuits.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER has established a claim to the public gratitude by the superb way in which he has managed the movement to secure funds for the completion of the Grant monument. The amount required when he set about the work was \$350,000. The sum subscribed up to Decoration Day was \$350,700, exclusive of the deposits in some of the boxes which had not yet been returned. Of this amount some \$239,000 has been paid in cash. It is gratifying to know that of the total all but \$22,000 was subscribed by the people of New York, who thus signally vindicate the generous patriotism of the metropolis. It is

understood that the work of construction will be pushed as rapidly as possible, and that all future contributions will be applied to the general embellishment of the monumental structure.

THE information as to the mineral resources of the Yukon valley supplied by FRANK LESLIE'S Alaska Expedition has awakened a widespread interest among adventurers and prospectors, many of whom are now flocking to the extensive bar-diggings along that river and its tributaries. This valley, it will be remembered, is about three thousand miles in extent and offers a comparatively unexplored field to the gold-hunter and explorer. We notice that a steamer is advertised to leave St. Michael's about the 10th of August for the new gold fields of Forty Mile Creek, some eighteen hundred miles from the starting point, and that it will carry supply stores as well as passengers. There is no doubt that in a few years the resources of the interior of Alaska will be largely developed, and it is possible that a permanent white population may occupy certain of the more desirable points.

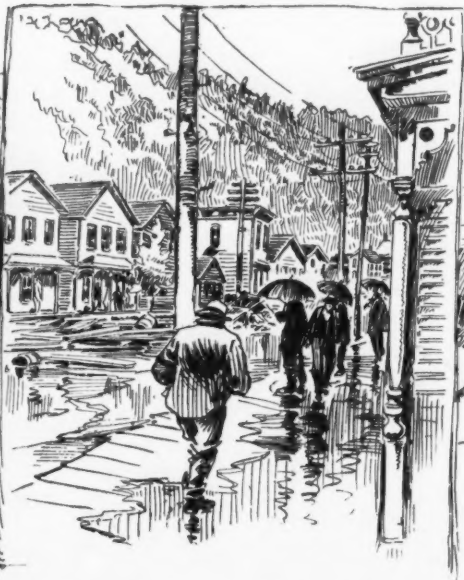
THE Presbyterian General Assembly happily escaped the dangers which it was predicted would overtake it in connection with the questions of the heresy of Dr. Briggs and the relation of the Union Seminary to the Assembly. The Briggs case was disposed of without serious contention, being remanded to the New York Presbytery for trial by a vote so decisive as to approach practical unanimity. As to the Union Seminary question, it was disposed of by the Assembly by the adoption of a plan for the appointment of fifteen arbitrators, who are to determine the proper interpretation of the compact of 1870 with reference to the transfer of a professor from one chair to another. There would seem to be no objection to this arrangement, and there is no reason why the decision which may be arrived at by this committee should not prove acceptable to all parties. Another committee is charged with the consideration of the whole subject of the relation of the Assembly to its theological seminaries, with instructions to report to the next General Assembly such action as will result in a still closer relation between the Assembly and these institutions than at present exists.

THE gambling spirit so thoroughly pervades New Orleans that even the grand jury is found recommending the passage of a law under which gambling shall be licensed, the proceeds to be applied to the maintenance of the Charity Hospital, which has heretofore been largely supported by the license moneys received from the lottery company. The recommendation is that the license fee shall be fixed at \$2,400 a year, and that the mayor of the city shall be the exclusive judge as to whether a gambling-house shall be permitted to do business. This is a proposed return to the system which was abandoned in 1870, after an experience of some twelve years, during which gambling-houses were legalized and licensed under act of the Legislature. Another attempt in the same direction was introduced by the mayor of the city in 1878, which was continued for some ten years, apparently without satisfactory results. The present proposition includes a provision that minors shall not be permitted to enter any gambling-house, and that the business shall be surrounded by other restraints calculated to minimize the evil. Inasmuch as the constitution of the State declares gambling to be a crime, it is a little difficult to see how the Legislature will be able to enact a law authorizing the business to be carried on and the city to derive a revenue therefrom.

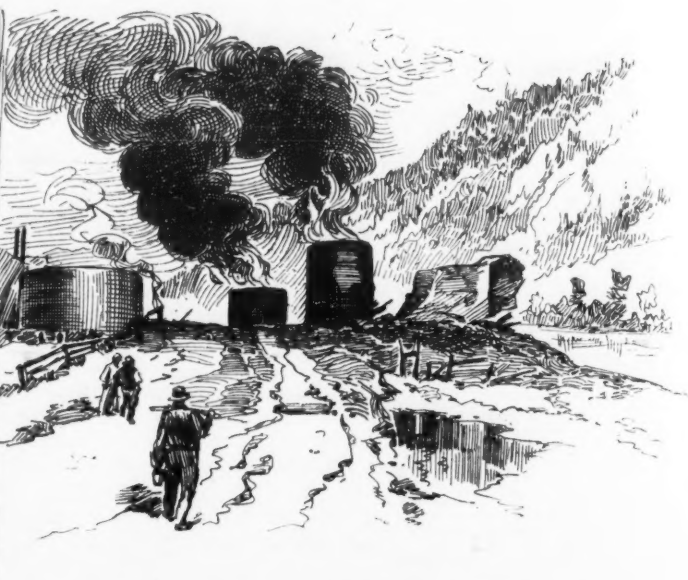
It will probably surprise most of our readers to learn that there is a religious order in this country which has been engaged in the brewing of beer. This pursuit under churchly auspices is not an unknown thing in Europe, but we believe that the Benedictine monks of Latrobe, Pa., have the monopoly in this country of such a mixture of the spiritual and the secular. These monks for many years brewed what is said to have been an especially seductive beer known as St. Vincent's, that being the name of the college with which they are connected. Their product obtained a large sale throughout the United States, and became so well known in course of time that large quantities were sent abroad. Some years ago, however, when the Brooks license law went into effect, the monks, fearing that an application for a license would provoke a scandal, ceased the sale of beer, but continued to manufacture it for home purposes. The Internal officials attempted to tax the beer thus brewed, and the managers of the institution have now appealed to the Attorney-General at Washington on the ground that the law imposing a tax does not apply to home-brewing. The point raised is a new one, and the decision of the Attorney-General will be awaited with some interest. Meanwhile the fact that a religious body has been concerned in an attempt to "elevate" the beer manufacture and throw around it the sanctions of religion will, no doubt, prove especially interesting to Dr. Rainsford, who may be expected to look closely into the results of this experiment, with the hope possibly of finding evidence in favor of his own scheme to lift the saloon out of its unfriendly environments and make it respectable under the patronage of the church.



TWO TANKS AT OIL CITY WHICH, SURROUNDED BY FIRE, DID NOT IGNITE.



SENECA STREET, OIL CITY, BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.



INDEPENDENT OIL REFINERY, TITUSVILLE, TWO DAYS AFTER THE DISASTER.



GENERAL VIEW OF OIL CITY, LOOKING UP OIL CREEK FROM ITS JUNCTION WITH THE ALLEGHANY RIVER, DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE FIRE.



REMOVING BODIES, FIFTEEN IN NUMBER, FROM THE POOL ON SENECA STREET, OIL CITY.

THE TERRIBLE CALAMITY IN THE PENNSYLVANIA OIL REGION—SCENES OF DEVASTATION IN OIL CITY AND TITUSVILLE.
FROM SKETCHES BY W. C. KAUFMANN.—[SEE PAGE 341.]

DEATH AND RUIN BY FIRE AND FLOOD AT OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY, LOOKING DOWN OIL CREEK, DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE FIRE.
DRAWS BY D. F. SMITH, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[See Page 341.]



SQUAR' BROWN.

BY EMMA

A. OPPER.

SQUAR' BROWN was picking mushrooms. Cooked in some anomalous way of his own he liked them, and he knew of nobody else who did, and when he gathered them he took the range of all the neighboring pastures. He was half a mile from home.

He gathered them into a milk-pan. He found them in scattered clumps, white visible, though not, to Squar' Brown's failing sight, at long distance. Toadstools interspersed them freely, but he knew mushrooms amply by their greater whiteness, their faint salmon-pink linings, their greater plumpness of stem. When yet in doubt he twitched at their edges; if they peeled he put them in his pan.

Pastures are not the meanest spots of an early October morning. Squar' Brown had come up and down gentle hills and through lanes and over and under fences. His slow steps left a trail along the dewy grass, which was all but frosty. The sumac was getting brown, and wild asters were past their purple prime. Dew-strung cobwebs wheeled themselves thickly among patches of dry weeds. When the wind so much as stirred it raised white clouds from the burst milkweed pods. A clumsy-legged, dull-eyed heifer had kicked up her heels and gone off at an uncouth gallop at Squar' Brown's approach; but the cows, beyond mild, long looks, paid no attention to him. He reached around their hoofs when necessary.

Such things Squar' Brown noticed appreciatively. He found a considerable part of his pleasure in life in out-door contemplation. He was seventy odd years old, a tall old man, slender and spare; his face was delicate, with blue eyes and pleasant, wide mouth; he bore the marks of age in wrinkles and reddened eyelids and traceable veins, and he had only two teeth at wide distance on his upper jaw.

He had got his pan full and had turned back. The salient thing about Squar' Brown was his hat. It was a beaver, almost napless, and sharply bent in the crown. Nobody knew how long he had worn it, but with the tenacity of habit which marks the old he wore it always. Its broken dignity was like the squar's. He had been justice of the peace once in the village four miles away, but overpowering causes—growing age and the loss of what money he had and his having no children to look to—had settled Squar' Brown and his wife here. His was a serene nature. He had never been distinctly unhappy, nor would be. He did odd jobs for his meagre living; there was nobody in the neighborhood any poorer than Squar' Brown.

In taking a certain route homeward he appeared to have an object; he went as fast as he could, and a flickering smile gradually spread. He went through a cattle-lane and a barn-yard, and clambering slowly and puffingly over another fence or two, sat down on a low rail and wiped his warm face.

He faced a field, a strip around the edge of which was freshly turned up for winter wheat; the rest showed a green dusting of new grass and shoots of the recent crop. The plow came slowly from the other end till its driver saw Squar' Brown.

"Hello, Squar'!" he called out. His loud tones sounded far, and a loud laugh followed. He dropped the lines and went and joined Squar' Brown on the rail. His readiness, the slouching attitude he fell into, and his loose, broad smile went far to evidence the laxity which was his as distinctively as Squar' Brown's upright purity was his. While the squar' held his title always, Sylvester Sawdey, a dozen years younger, was widely known as old Vet Sawdey, and as an intemperate old scallawag. Familiar friendship with him would have hurt the fame of anybody but Squar' Brown. They saw much of each other.

The squar' sat with his pan on his knees, and opened and shut his mouth in an attempt to begin on some subject other than that which engrossed him. He could not.

"I'm expecting to go to Pomeroy next week, Sylvester," he said, and his smile became a bare-gummed grin.

"Oh, you got ready to git 'em, have ye?" Vet responded. His face, coarsened and red to purpleness, a manifest index of his ruling habit, had yet a kindly cast. He showed his present interest heartily.

"I'm going to get 'em," said Squar' Brown, fumbling in an inner pocket. "I'm going to go and have the impression made, and then I won't have to go again. He'll send 'em when they're done."

"Can't you git 'em any nearer 'n Pomeroy?"

"I can do the best," said Squar' Brown, in

careful, slow tones, "in Pomeroy. Git 'em the cheapest. There, here's the circular. There's two dentists there—Kelly 'tis I'm going to."

He unfolded a paper creased by long carrying, a roughly-printed and illustrated advertisement of false teeth.

"Here's the prices. It's eight dollars for the cheapest. I can't give but eight dollars. I hain't got but eleven I can spend," said Squar' Brown, "and the fare to Pomeroy is fifty cents; and there's two or three things we've been saving up to get when I go—a porcelain kittle for one. I can't give but eight. There's the picture of it. Good rubber plate for eight dollars."

"Yeup," said Vet. He ran his thick finger along the lines as he read them. Squar' Brown rubbed his hands, his face in a mild glow.

"I've been wanting 'em, Sylvester," he said, "for ten years, about. Ought to had 'em ten years ago—I needed 'em. Anybody that's got their teeth don't know nothing at all about it. I hain't had much comfort, you might say, since my teeth begun to go. Can't recollect when I've fairly chewed any food. When they begun to come out them that was left would be so sore I couldn't hardly eat. They've all been gone but two for a good while now, and I've had to chew on my gums. I hain't et what I've wanted for so long, now, I don't know how it'll seem. I've had to pretty near let meat alone; sometimes I've fairly gone hungry. But I hain't seen the time I could get a set, and I couldn't now if 'twan't for Henry Husted giving mesome work I wa'n't expecting—corn-shocking and one thing another. I don't know how it'll seem," Squar' Brown repeated, the simple pleasure in his face warming to exultation, "to have teeth to eat with."

He put the carefully-refolded circular back in his pocket, and got up, his artless object ended. He had few idle moments.

"You'll look like another feller, Squar'," said Vet, whittling a rail-splinter.

"I ain't thinking about the looks," said the squar'. "I want to eat something besides spun-victuals."

"Gosh!" said Vet, slapping his leg with a guffaw, "I'd know you was clean took up something er other, Squar'. You hain't said nothing about lowy ner Oregon."

The great episode of Squar' Brown's life had been a journey to the Pacific coast twenty years ago. The business which had been his object had failed, but the trip had been to him a panorama of keen pleasures. Reminiscences of it were still a large part of his talk. Vague things reminded him of it, and when nothing served he introduced the subject barefacedly.

"Well, no, I hain't, Sylvester," he said, rubbing his chin in enjoyment of the joke. There was an odd warmth of fellowship between them, founded on a kindred kindness of heart or humorous sense—or on their human brotherhood alone.

Vet whittled on when Squar' Brown had gone, sitting with his feet sprawled apart and his elbows on his knees, his horse, looking to be the worthier, standing patient. Vet worked only when he could not keep clear of it. He lived with a daughter and an unwilling son-in-law, and spent what money he could get for whisky.

Squar' Brown went up the road. Meeting a neighbor on a gig he made an excuse to step over the ditch and speak to him.

"I'm going to Pomeroy next week and see about getting my teeth," he said, and got out and spread open the circular.

A few days later the news went through the neighborhood, not the less briskly for its being an old story, that Vet Sawdey had gone up-town and got drunk again; and in short space the details became known.

The limitations of the country spree are narrow. Vet Sawdey's usual custom, and his were the blackest transgressions the region knew, was to drive up-town with a horse of his son-in-law's, point for the one saloon, and there drink as much strong stuff as he could pay for; to stagger around the street a little, with incoherent talk and loud laughter; later, his alcoholic insanity rising, to mount his buggy and drive up and down the main street at such speed as ineffectual mad lashings at his horse urged her to; to give forth senseless whoops and squeals; to be a grisly object of terror to children and a serious warning to all.

All this he had done this time, and more. He had arrived at the quarrelsome stage and, deserting his buggy, had attacked an observant group boisterously, offered to fight them each or all together, and made a shaky attempt at it. And there the marshal had interfered, having

been watching for his first excuse; he had opportunity for arrests seldom, and this was welcome. Men look upon pitiable things and smile, with ill-conditioned pride in the ability so to do; the general sentiment was one of gratification. A crowd of little boys, eying Vet as a chained tiger, had followed him and the marshal to the lock-up; and the editor of the town paper had written a paragraph, using his unvarying formula for such cases, to the effect that Vet Sawdey had come to town, got outside of too much of the O-be-joyful, and been landed in the cooler.

Squar' Brown heard the news and the particulars, and went over toward night to see Daniel Leach, Vet's son-in-law. He was chopping wood in the back yard.

"Yes, sir, Squar', he's been right at it again," he said. "Wasn't but five weeks ago, the last time. I wasn't to home, that's how it happened. He wouldn't have got off with my horse and buggy another time, if I had been."

"I heard they'd got him in the lock-up," said Squar' Brown.

"He was getting frisky—wanted to fight—and they run him in," Leach rejoined, "and tomorrow they'll haul him up and fine him again. Shouldn't wonder if 'twas ten dollars this time." He struck his axe into the knot and his fists together. "I don't go near him! I've paid two fines for him in a year, and I've done it the last time. I'd never ought to paid one. I'm a poor man, and I've got a family to see to and a debt on my place. My children don't have half what they ought to; do you think I'm going to fairly take the victuals out of their mouths to pay for Vet Sawdey's whisky and fines? That's what I've done, pretty near, and I'm done with it, and there can't anybody blame me. He's a good-for-nothing, dog-gone old rascal."

He was not a hard man, but being goaded to the point of rebellion he stood firm. He went on chopping. Squar' Brown looked at him timidly.

"Used to be so you could work out your fine on the roads," he said, "but it's been changed. Have to go to county jail or the work-house, won't he?"

"Don't know where he'll go," said Leach. He added, sternly, "He'll go to county jail and stay there till this time next year for all of me. I'll go up to-morrow and get my horse—I don't go near him."

His wife had come out to take some bleaching muslin off the grass. Sympathizing with her husband, she would not have revoked his decision; yet she had been crying.

Squar' Brown went back home. He went slowly, and took off his hat and turned his face this way and that, breathing in the fresh, sharp air. He noticed the moon and stars, out fully in the daylight sky, with the last red of the sun below them. He wet his lips several times, and they moved without sound. The struggle within him was long, and it was so sharp that he felt as though physically distressed. When he got home he sat on the front door-step for some time. He got out the dentist's circular and looked at it, and folded it back and sat there still and rubbed his chin, his fine old face turned up to the brightening stars.

Next morning he put on his best clothes carefully and brushed up his hat, and went up-town. The four miles' walk was a considerable undertaking, and he started early. He had to stop and rest many times on the road, and nine o'clock was past when he reached the village.

He was barely in time. Attended by several loiterers, Vet Sawdey had already been taken by the marshal before the mayor, and his guilt being clear and the conclusion foregone, had had an informal hearing in the back of the mayor's hardware store.

Squar' Brown followed his direction and hurried in, his tired legs trembling under him and his breath coming short. He saw Vet where he sat slouched together, and saw that the marshal was about taking him off. He made his way to the magistrate, where he stood with his hat on.

"What have you put the fine at?" he questioned, anxiously.

"Why, it's eight dollars and costs, Squar'," said the mayor, staring. "It's ten dollars."

Squar' Brown reached into his vest pocket and brought out something folded in a paper. His stiff hands were unsteady and his breathing was audible. He looked quaint and droll, and among the beholders there were a few snickers.

"Get out, Squar'!" the mayor ejaculated, covering with testiness his softened perturbation. Squar' Brown did not hear him. He went and took Vet by the arm and led him out into the day.

Vet looked up at him. "Come now, Sylvester," he said, cheerfully, "where's your horse?"

She was in the marshal's barn. Vet sat down

in the door-way, dazedly blinking, while Squar' Brown went thither—and some children stood at a distance close together and watched him. The animal had been scantily fed, and Squar' Brown went down the street and got some oats. "Better be watered, hadn't she?" he said, when he drove up for Vet, and they made a stop at the town pump. Many curious eyes were upon them, and Squar' Brown silently drove away by a back street.

He looked around him, up at the trees and widely to left and right, and hummed. "I'd think that was the top of a musquash's nest down there in that ditch-puddle if 'twan't mid-dling early in the season for 'em to be building," he said.

Vet stared fixedly and dully from under his lowered hat-brim. His hands hung loosely between his knees, and he jolted with every motion of the buggy. He passed the first mile-stone in silence.

"Dan wa'n't goin' to do nothing this time, was he?" he said at last, huskily.

"No, he wa'n't, Sylvester; wa'n't this time," Squar' Brown responded. He added in pleasant tones, "I recollect it was just about this time of the year I went from Portland down to San Francisco. We laid at the Astoria docks three hours, while the ship was loading up with lumber and salmon. They said Columbia-River salmon was the best in the world, about. We saw two or three whales, going down the ocean, and there was sea-gulls following us all the way. It took over three days, that trip did."

Vet fingered his mouth, and the muscles of his dark-red face quivered. It would have been hard to gauge his emotions; he was dulled by long besetting weakness and recklessness. Perhaps his remorse was poignant; perhaps it was vague. Certain it was that to such depth as remained to him he was shaken.

"Can't git yer teeth now, can ye?" he said.

"No, I can't, Sylvester," said Squar' Brown; he cleared his throat. "No, I can't get 'em now. I guess I can get 'em by spring; I calculate I can get 'em by spring, Sylvester."

He felt Vet heavily shaking. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and dripped. He put his square-fingered, trembling hand on Squar' Brown's knee, and Squar' Brown laid his upon it. They met a vehicle or two whose occupants gaped and grinned, but they did not see or heed them. They went slowly rumbling along, with the morning sun shining down on them.

CHANGE.

Men are no longer what they were
In the Greek years when life was sweet
To those who sped with airy feet
Down the sun-bright Athenian ways;
When love was never wont to err
From singing woods and streams to find
In mystic voices darkly shrined
Dim secrets of the deathless days.

Men are no longer what they were
When the Child-Christ was lately born,
Or when upon a golden morn
Rome tottered from her pagan throne—
When hearts went out to minister
The virgin glory of their creed
To faltering lives that longed to read
The hope of Nazareth as their own.

Men are no longer what they were,
For they have turned away their eyes
From the old strifes and doubts that rise
Like ghosts of memory in their tread;
Up the new hills of truth they fare,—
Brave souls that dream and dare to be
One with all wisdom, one with Thee—
God of the living and the dead.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

THE WESTERN CYCLONES.

THE past month has been marked by unusually destructive atmospheric disturbances in the Western States. Tornadoes, cyclones, and heavy rains with devastating floods, have swept over vast areas, carrying death and ruin in their track. Among the towns which have suffered enormously is Wellington, the county seat of Sumner County, Kansas, which was struck by a terrible cyclone at nine o'clock on the night of May 27th. A number of towns in the surrounding country were likewise visited earlier in the evening, among them Harper, which sustained heavy damage, a number of persons being killed and over sixty buildings wrecked. Over thirty farm houses in Harper County were demolished. The course of the storm was from the west. Its roar was terrible. For a moment there was dead silence, then for three minutes all was chaos. In this short time over three squares of the business portion of the enterprising city of Wellington were demolished, and a good many residences near the business centre were completely ruined. Every window in that section of the country through which the storm passed was broken completely, as if an explosion of dynamite had taken place.

A heavy rain was falling when the cyclone

struck Wellington, and without warning the most substantial buildings were crushed like the fragile toys. The Phillips House, the oldest hotel in the city, was shattered to pieces. Thirteen bodies were taken out of the ruins of the wrecked buildings. To add to the horrors of the cyclone, fire broke out in a number of buildings. One of the saddest incidents occurred in the burning of the Alliance building. Just as the fire company arrived screams were heard from two women in the burning ruins. The husband of one was a frantic spectator, and had to be forcibly prevented from rushing to his death in attempting to rescue them. Desperate and heroic attempts were made to save them by the firemen, but they were of no avail. At last the shrieks ceased, and it was known that the women were beyond help. The charred bodies were afterward recovered.

The only wonder is that many more lives were not lost, considering the complete wreck of such a large section of the city. In the old court house a meeting of over two hundred citizens was being held when the storm broke, and dispersed only five minutes before the building went crashing down. The Lutheran Church, a large frame building, was picked up and turned upside down, crushing a new and unoccupied house beneath it. The Episcopal and Presbyterian churches were also reduced to splinters. A new brick schoolhouse was swept off, leaving only the first story. Two heavy freight-cars of the Rock Island Railroad were carried over two hundred feet from the track. Large trees were completely stripped of their bark. The loss to Wellington is over half a million, and the damage to Harper is almost equally great.

H. L. SMITHSON.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

LET us rejoice to hear that the absurdly long skirts of the past season are happily on the wane—that is, for street wear. The summer gown of elegance is made with a gracefully gored skirt, that, sweeping out in an artistic line at the back, merely touches the ground in walking. Another decree to which we must bow our heads—or rather our backs—is for the stripe, as probably the most popular fabric of the day has narrow stripes of colored silk on a black or dark ground. In many instances the stripes are arranged to go round the figure, or in bayadere fashion. The princess shape of dress is



VISITING TOILETTE.

particularly well adapted to striped goods, but it must be fashioned by an artist to be successful. The skirt itself is not as taxing to the designer as its garniture, which is limited to the very hem. There is only to select from, a frill either gathered, kilt, or box-pleated, a ruche, a bias puff, or a band of galon or passementerie. Added to this is the pretty fancy for three frills of satin ribbon about an inch in width. These are particularly effective when made of different colored ribbons on a figured or striped grenadine or silk. Insertions of lace over a colored satin, while not particularly new, make also an effective skirt trimming.

The princess form of dress is happily adapted to the outing dresses of the day, and uniting the bodice with the skirt, is all ready to accompany a blouse of silk or cotton goods. As I have pre-

viously stated, French batiste is most desirable for a blouse waist, and in the natural écaré tint lends itself admirably to any colored skirt. When a sash is preferred to a bodice or girdle it must be laid in folds and fastened with a wind-mill bow at the back, either made entirely of loops or with short ends edged with bead fringe. Jet fringe is most effective for this purpose. In fact, jet in masses is the height of fashion on dresses, wraps, and bonnets, especially the latter, which are most lavishly trimmed with jet. To return to sashes, their long ends seem to have entirely disappeared, and whether the sash around the waist or the girdle around the hips, it now terminates in short fringed ends at the back.

A charming costume for the summer is illustrated this week. It is made of asparagus-green silk, trimmed with white guipure and black velvet. The guipure is made into a jaunty little Figaro jacket and short puffed sleeves. The hat is a stylish shape in green rice straw, with garnitures of white lace and fancy ribbon in rose and green. The gloves are pearl-gray suede. Another stylish costume, becoming to a young woman, is made in mercury-gray silk and lavishly trimmed with rich passementerie in jet and steel. The corsage is draped with a sort of fichu, which fastens invisibly and gives the appearance of a princess cut to the dress. The passementerie is formed into a plastron front, and with an added fringe is arranged as basques over the hips.

Many pale neutral tints compose fashionable toilettes, gray, green, blue, rose or beige, and it is the trimming which gives the tone to the dress, whether it be of ribbon, lace, passementerie or embroidery. The embroideries are especially wonderful, and one in particular is done on heliotrope silk, with a pale-green appliqué traced with gold and interspersed with a trellis-work of gold tinsel and gold beads. This is extremely attractive in a bodice girdle with straps over the shoulders.

Many of the new cotton crêpe dresses are extremely pretty, a particularly fascinating one being striped with mauve and yellow and white, and trimmed with bands of black satin edged with white lace. It is made with a pelerine around the shoulders of the crêpe edged with white lace threaded with narrow black satin ribbon, and a sash of black satin is folded around the waist and knotted at the centre-back.

The lace bib is so pretty and becoming that it has evidently come to stay. One of the newest fancies is made of watered or satin ribbon about an inch and a half wide, which is longest at the centre-front, where it is held by a bow and ends. It then shortens toward the shoulders, and the rows of ribbon are united by folds of crêpe or lace.

ELLA STARR.

THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

It is a mistaken notion, in which thousands of Americans share, that from the time of Washington down to now Presidential electors have always been chosen in the manner that all the States, except Michigan, will choose their electors this year. The truth is that in all this time it has not only been the admitted right of the Legislature of each State to determine how the electors of the State should be chosen, but the right has been freely exercised.

Five different ways of choosing electors were made use of at the first election. Only three States out of the eleven that undertook to participate in the election chose their electors by popular vote—Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia—and of these at least Maryland elected by districts. In Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, South Carolina, and Georgia, the Legislatures made the selections. In New Hampshire the people were allowed to nominate the electors, but the Legislature did the electing. The State was very near losing its representation in the Electoral College on account of a deadlock between House and Senate, broken only a few minutes before twelve o'clock the night of January 7th. In New York no electors were chosen, a contest similar to that in New Hampshire failing of settlement. Massachusetts was divided into districts for Congressmen, and the people of each district were instructed to vote for two electors. The Legislature chose one of each pair and also two electors-at-large.

This, in brief, is the story of the first Electoral College; certainly the election may properly be characterized as a "go-as-you-please" affair.

In the second election fifteen States participated. Nine were represented in the Electoral College by persons selected by Legislatures; popular elections were held in five. North Carolina took a course of her own which was decidedly unique. The election was to be held December 5th, and as the Legislature did not meet until November 15th, there was not time

to order a popular election, so the Legislature divided the State into four districts and ordered the members of the Legislature residing in each district to choose three electors, making twelve in all.

Sixteen States took part in the third election, and in ten of them the electors were chosen by the Legislature.

The next election, which resulted in placing Mr. Jefferson at the head of the government, was interesting from beginning to end. It opened with a contest for the control of the Legislature. It was known that the party which captured the Legislatures would elect its candidates. The same number of States voted and the same number chose electors in the legislative method as four years before. Rhode Island chose her electors by the popular method for the first time, while Pennsylvania, per contra, took up with the legislative method. It had been the practice in Pennsylvania for the Legislature to pass a law every four years calling upon the people to choose Presidential electors, and the people confidently expected to enjoy the customary privilege the year in question. The State was strongly in favor of Jefferson as against Adams, and there was no doubt what the result of the election would be.

But there was no election by the people. The State Senate, a Federalist body, absolutely refused to join in the call for an election. It proposed an election by the Legislature. The House would not consent to this. Then the Senate proposed that each house should name eight candidates, and that the two houses acting together should select fifteen of the sixteen to be the State's electors. The result was that eight Jefferson and seven Adams electors were chosen.

Out of the popular disgust at this performance and at the alliance between Burr's friends and the Federalists, by which it was sought to give the Presidency to Burr, whose vote in the Electoral College tied with Jefferson's, and relegate Jefferson, who was the people's choice for the higher office, to the second place, grew a demand for a constitutional provision which would direct that all Presidential electors be chosen by popular vote. The provision did not come, however, but only an amendment directing that electors must vote for President and Vice-President separately. Obviously the person having the highest number of votes was elected President provided he had a majority.

But in spite of the feeling aroused in favor of popular elections, the legislative method continued to hold its own. Indeed, in 1812 the electors of two States which had been using the popular method were chosen by their Legislatures. These States were North Carolina and New Jersey.

In New Jersey a law was in force providing for the choice of electors by the people, and up to within a week of election day the people expected to act under that law. They would have chosen Republican electors. On the 29th of October the Legislature, which was a Federalist body by virtue of something akin to a gerrymander, repealed the law which provided for a popular election and named the electors itself—all Federalists.

Great people, those Federalists, for sharp practice. It seems as though eighty years ago, in spite of the newness of the country, there were politicians here who were the equals in "smartness" of any of the present day.

There was great indignation both in North Carolina and in New Jersey at the denying of the people the privilege of choosing electors in 1812, and the following year, in Congress, and again in 1816, Mr. Pickens of North Carolina urged that there should be a constitutional amendment which should provide for the choice of Presidential electors by popular vote. Further than this, he urged that it should also be provided that the election should be by districts. Congress, however, determined not to meddle with the matter at all and left the Constitution as it was.

In this connection it is worth noting that in several of the States which had elected by popular vote the district system had prevailed pretty much all the while. Of these may be mentioned Maine, Massachusetts, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Maryland. It is interesting, too, to note that the last named was the only State using the district system that habitually split her vote. In the Jefferson-Adams election of 1800 Maryland gave five votes to each candidate and lost one vote through the non-attendance of an elector, so that the State's influence was absolutely nothing. In at least two other instances Maryland's net effect in the Electoral College was that of but one vote.

Coming down to the election of 1824, we get the first appreciable evidence of progress toward uniformity in the manner of choosing electors. Twenty-four States participated. Electors were chosen by the Legislatures of but six States:

New York, Vermont, Delaware, South Carolina, Georgia, and Louisiana. In the others the people elected. In Maine, Massachusetts, Maryland, Illinois, and Kentucky the popular elections were by districts. Before the next election New York, Vermont, Georgia, and Louisiana abandoned the legislative method, and popular elections were held in all but two States, Delaware and South Carolina. Eighteen of the twenty-four States that voted in 1828 chose their electors upon general tickets. In Maine and New York an elector was chosen for each Representative district, and these electors chose two additional electors. In Maryland and Tennessee the States were especially divided into districts for the choice of all their electors.

In 1832 Delaware gave up the legislative method, and Maine, New York, and Tennessee gave up the district system, and all the States except Maryland and South Carolina chose electors on general tickets. Maryland elected by districts and South Carolina by the legislative method. Maryland fell in with the other States in 1836, but South Carolina continued to use the legislative method until she went out of the Union. In 1868, when she cast her next vote for President, she had discarded the legislative method, but Florida had taken it up, so that there was still a lack of uniformity, and it was not until 1872 that the electors all over the country were chosen on general tickets, all of the thirty-seven States participating. Four years later the uniformity was broken again when Colorado, just admitted to the Union, made use of the legislative method, and this year it is to be broken again through the action of the Michigan Legislature in taking up with an old-fashioned, and I may say discarded, way of doing things.

Nobody can question, in the face of these facts, that the district method, in addition to being constitutional, is abundantly backed by precedents. There is still the objection made against it, however, that it is bad because it invites subversions of the popular will. The objectors say that just as it is possible for a Legislature of one political complexion to be chosen while a majority of the popular vote is of the other complexion, so would it be possible, by the wrongful running of district lines, to put a State's electoral vote into a column where it would not belong. A discussion of this proposition does not come within the scope of this article.

ROBERT W. WELCH.

COLONEL LUTHER M. STRONG.

THE new Congressional apportionment in Ohio bids fair to produce a crop of new Congressmen. The Eighth District, as it now stands, consists of Union, Delaware, Champlain, Logan, Hancock, and Hardin counties. It is claimed that this district in its new shape will be Republican by nearly five thousand majority. The Republicans have nominated Colonel Luther M. Strong, of Kenton, in Hardin County, as their candidate. He is a man of great personal popularity, irrespective of party, and his nomination has been received throughout the district with every manifestation of pleasure. He was born in 1838, served with distinction in the Civil War, being wounded at Pickett's Mills, when nearly one-half of his regiment were killed, and again while leading his regiment in the final charge at Nashville, December 17th, 1864. At the battle of Mission Ridge his gallantry won him promotion to the rank of major, and he was afterward made lieutenant-colonel. After the war he located in Kenton, Ohio, studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1867. His high legal attainments have won for him unmistakable success in his profession, and his personal qualifications have drawn around him a strong cohort of friends in both parties. The Republicans of the Thirteenth District elected him to the Ohio Senate in 1879, where he made a good record as a wise and conservative representative. He was re-elected in 1881, being the only man in the history of that district for whom the rigid unwritten law of the party regarding one term of office has been waived. In 1883 he was appointed Common Pleas Judge, to fill a vacancy in the Tenth District. His friends believe that he will make a notable record in Congress, and prove himself worthy of future distinction at the hands of his party.



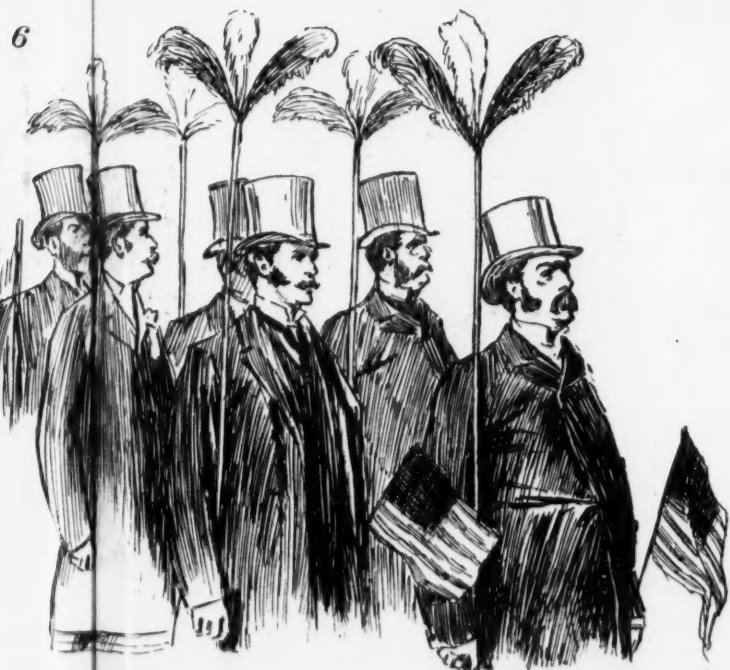
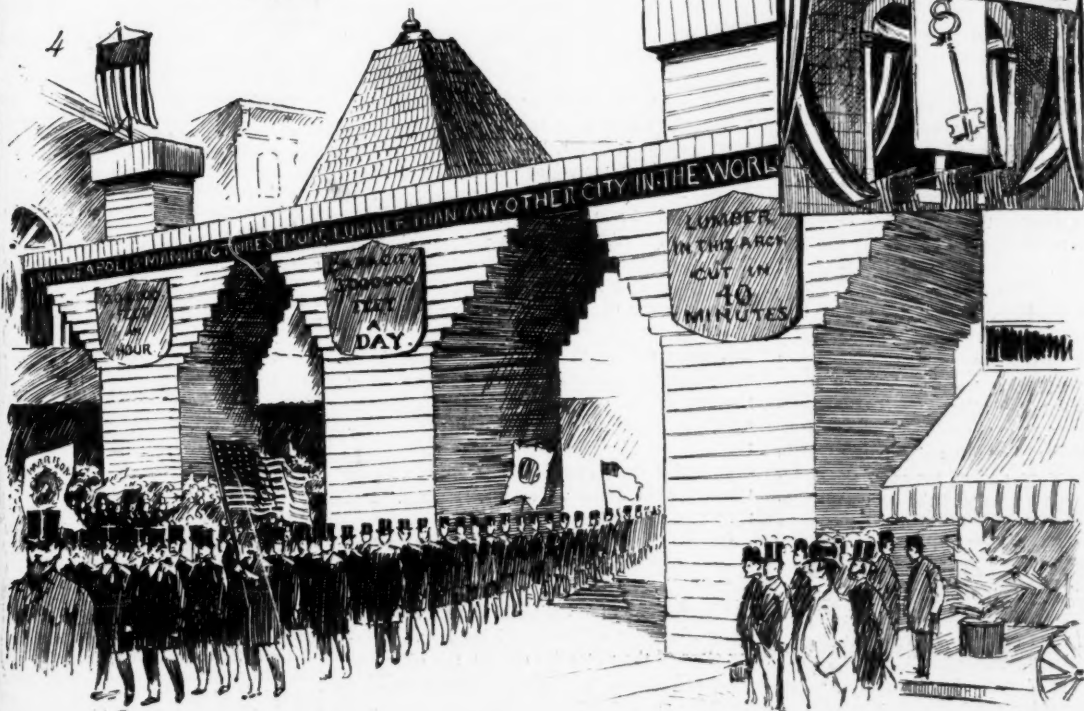
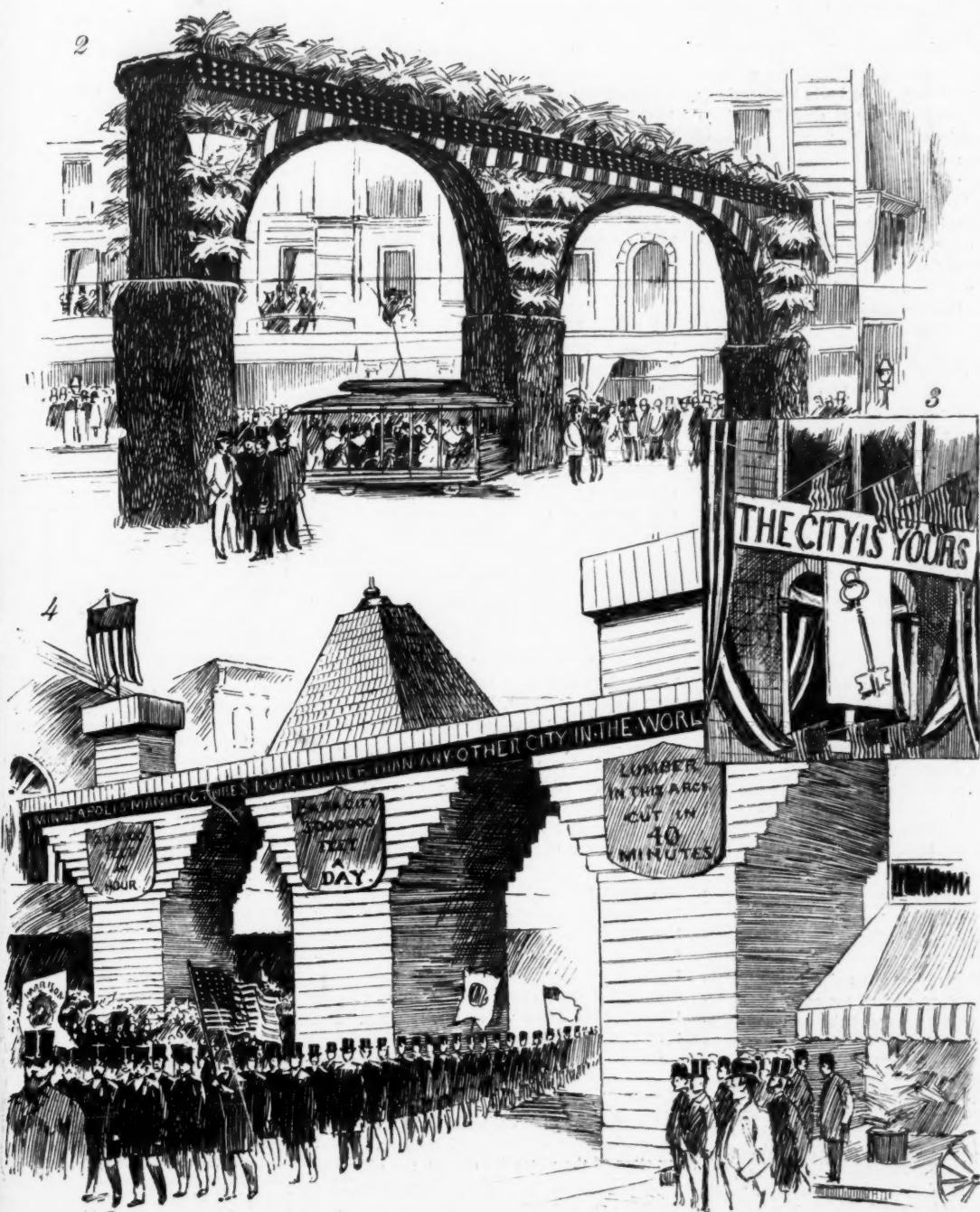
COLONEL LUTHER M. STRONG.



1. SCENE ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DECISIVE BALLOT. 2. FLORAL ARCH AT THE CORNER OF HENNEPIN AND FIFTH STREETS. 3. A DECORATION ON THE CITY HALL. 4. LUMBER

7. PRESIDENT HARRISON, IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE TENTH NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT MINNEAPOLIS—SOME OF ITS EXCITING



Y HALL. 4. LUMBER INDUSTRY ARCH ON BRIDGE SQUARE. 5. FLOUR INDUSTRY ARCH, CORNER CENTRAL AVENUE AND MAIN STREET. 6. ARRIVAL OF THE CALIFORNIA DELEGATION. AT WASHINGTON, RECEIVING TELEGRAMS FROM THE CONVENTION. ITS EXCITING SCENES AND INCIDENTS.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.

SHARKING WITH A HARPOON.

SPORT WITH THE MAN-EATERS IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

I HAVE chased the diminutive humming-bird with a hawk, captured grizzlies with a lasso, fought lions from a camel's back, hunted tigers with a bamboo spear, trapped crocodiles with a triangle, imprisoned elephants with pens of barbed wire, encountered the great elk with a bowie knife, put anacondas to sleep with morphine, leaped chasms on the back of a wild goat—I have passed the best years of my life in a search for crazy adventure on mountain and plain, in open forest and pathless jungle, but never did I reach the acme of sport till chance took me to the beautiful Caribbean Sea, the home of the fiercest, brainiest, most devilish beast on earth—the man-eating shark.

We were a party of four, on pleasure bent. A small and very old freight steamer, a mere tub, trading in the Windward Islands, careened with us from place to place, dropping anchor for a day at Trinidad, a night at Grenada, a week at Barbados, and for similar periods at St. Lucia, Martinique, Dominica, Guadeloupe, Antigua, Nevis, etc. On the morning of February 6th we found the craft rolling lazily in the harbor of Basse Terre, a mile and a quarter from shore, the captain having put in there for sugar. After breakfast we feasted our eyes for an hour on the gorgeous landscape presented by the gently-sloping cane fields and precipitous, cloud-capped mountains of St. Kitts, after which the piscatorial fever took possession of us. The cook, our very good friend, owing to an uninterrupted succession of bribes, furnished some fresh meat, and four stout lines were soon hanging from the stern of the *Ariel*. We could not be called green fishermen, for we had wet our lines in nearly every nook and corner of the Caribbean Sea, hooking at one time or another every known species of tropical fish, but as hour after hour passed without bringing so much as a nibble we began to doubt our skill. The method employed was possibly unique. We began by spreading on the deck a large rug, in the centre of which were a pack of cards and a box of red, white and blue chips. In order to manipulate these to advantage and at the same time look after the fishing, we adopted the device of tying the lines around our ankles. It had worked like a charm for a month. Often I had had a king full on aces and a jerk of the leg in the same blissful moment, and you may imagine that the different interests involved by so much good fortune were calculated somewhat to puzzle and bewilder the understanding. The question whether to play the hand or play the fish must be answered on the instant. In rare cases I succeeded in playing both and making a haul all round.

The blazing-red glow of the evening sun was beginning to burnish the surface of the unruffled sea, giving it the appearance of planished copper, when the harbor-master, passing in his twelve oared pinnace, cried to us that in ten years no fish had been caught in the waters of Basse Terre because of the sharks, which had run them all away. As he spoke we noticed a slight disturbance of the water a hundred yards astern. A three-cornered object was pushed up from below till a foot of it was visible above the surface, something of an olive-brown color with sharp edges. It remained motionless for perhaps a dozen seconds, then slipped seaward with a speed that the eye could scarcely follow, a thin spray, falling on either side, leaving a faint white trail.

We did not require to be told the nature of the object. It was not the first time we had seen the dorsal fin of a shark cleaving the water, but the sight whetted our appetite for sport as it had never done on any previous occasion, and we set to work forthwith to capture one of the monsters.

Every vessel that sails the tropic seas has its shark-hook, an ugly weapon made of half-inch steel, attached to ten feet of chain and fifty feet of rope. The *Ariel's* was very dull and very rusty, but we got it out, baited it with five pounds of salt junk and tossed it over the stern. The float, a billet of wood, kept it near the surface, and we watched it drift slowly off with the tide.

My heart nearly stood still when I saw a great yellow tiger of the sea glide from the shadow of the vessel straight toward the hook. From the tip of his murderous nose to the end of his tail I judged him to be twelve feet long. His progress was exasperatingly slow, as if he were well-fed, lazy, and indifferent. He seemed to float rather than swim, for the fan-like motion of his tail was scarcely perceptible. His body was as thick as a big man, and his mouth could not have been less than fifteen inches wide. I never saw in any head a pair of eyes so villainous, and they appeared to take in everything

that was in the sea, above the sea, and under the sea for miles around. The last rays of the sun gave his body a silver border on the line where back and belly meet, and the effect was rather startling as we gazed down at him from our lofty perch.

A pilot accompanied him, a thin, white-skinned fish, some twenty-six inches long; a creature with a large head, a great deal of tail, and apparently no body. It propelled itself with a disagreeable writhing motion that formed a succession of S's, and hovered near the dorsal fin of its lord and master as a tiny tug nestles under the lee of an ocean greyhound. The shark seemed to proceed well enough without its assistance, but I saw him more than once send the little fellow to the front as a sort of advance courier, and was particular to note that upon returning from such a mission the pilot fastened itself on the monster's back, near the fin, and rode there in perfect contentment till thoroughly rested, after which it resumed travel on its own account with the same reverse curves and S's.

Our little party became highly excited as the sea tiger approached the hook, and we laid four pairs of hands on the line in momentary expectation of an awful struggle. How long we waited I cannot remember. It seemed an age before we were able to realize our disappointment; an eternity before we could make ourselves understand that our expected prey, in a most insulting manner, had turned up his nose at the salt-junk morsel and was lazily tickling his ferocious lips with a wad of newspaper that somebody had cast overboard.

But our dejection at his loss was soon changed to white-hot enthusiasm and feverish excitement, for scarcely had he strayed beyond our vision when another of his kind, big enough to eat him, drifted up from under the steamer's screw. Ah, what a beauty! He was followed by a second, of moderate size, and a third, evidently young and rash. Then from the open sea came a pair of full-grown males, and from the direction of Basse Terre a giant of the second degree. Soon their presence attracted others, and before the sun went down we counted sixteen. But none wanted our junk.

One or two boats passed, and the monsters would scarcely get out of their way. They seemed positively without fear. An oar struck one big fellow on the back, and instead of frightening him away only aroused his fury. Leaping clear of the water he caught the offending blade in his teeth, making splinters of it, and his tail striking the boat split the gunwale and came near spilling the whole crew into the sea. The excited native with the remnant of the oar punched at him as he disappeared, and missing his aim fell headlong into what seemed the very jaws of death.

In our horror we forgot all about the hook and salt junk. The darkey stayed under a long time, and I expected every moment to see his blood rise and stain the water. But finally his head bobbed up serenely very near the spot where he had gone under, and he struck out hand over hand for the boat. Sharks were all around him, leaping over each other and over him. He kept ducking his head to avoid their tails, which slapped the water viciously. One blow would have scattered his brains in the sea. He was the coolest man I had ever seen, and the deliberate way he swam among those butchers of the deep filled us with admiration. I begged the captain, who stood by watching the scene, to lower a boat to save him, but he only laughed.

"Why," said he, "what's the use? Sharks won't touch a nigger, and the washing will do the scoundrel good."

I was soon half convinced of this. The darkey's only danger was from those terrible tails. If he could succeed in dodging them he would reach the pinnace in safety. At last he grasped the rudder, untouched, and two of the crew reached down to pull him on board. I saw his body half out of the water. Then he cried aloud in patois and struggled to free his hands from the grip of his rescuers. At that instant a long, yellow object shot from the sea, a snapping of powerful jaws was heard, a crunching of flesh and bones, a splash, and all was still. By and by the blue water about the stern of the pinnace became red.

I looked at the captain, who swore softly to himself and hurried forward. The crew of the pinnace seemed stupefied. For a quarter of an hour they rested on their oars, gazing into the water, but the body of their comrade rose no more, and with an excited jabbering of patois in a high key they rowed ashore.

Somewhat depressed, we left our hook in the water, with the line tied to the taffrail, and thought no more about it till morning, when, upon hauling it in, we found it bare. This was so encouraging that we prevailed on the cook to spare another five pounds of junk, and with renewed enthusiasm the fishing was continued. As the day wore on and shark after shark rubbed his nose against the bait without so much as a pretense of tasting it, we became disgusted. The idea of harpooning some of the rascals suggested itself, and there being no weapon of that description on board, we borrowed the captain's gig to go ashore after one. A long search rewarded us with the only one on the island. It belonged to a native, of whom we hired it at four shil-

lings a day, and proved to be the very latest improvement in that line. It had a swivel point which, fastened in position by a match or tooth-pick, penetrated the object aimed at, and with the least resistance, followed by the breaking of the match, turned itself crosswise in the body and remained there to the death. Armed with this ingenious instrument we returned to the steamer, confident of success.

The captain, looking down from the stern of the vessel, warned us that a big male shark was following the gig, and I thought I might as well have a try at him. Tying a line securely to the tiller I called to the two oarsmen to stop rowing, and stood up, harpoon in hand. There lay my friend, less than six feet off, looking hungrily at me with his pig-like eyes. Making an allowance for refraction, I aimed at the middle of his body and let him have it. My aim must have been perfect. The boat shot from under my feet, landing me in the lap of the stroke, who had found himself suddenly seated in the bottom. The other oarsman was lying up in the bow with a broken head. Right out to sea we went, stern foremost, the spray flying all over us. Fifty feet in front I could see the shark's fin cleaving the water, the position of the harpoon and the weight of the boat having a tendency to keep the gentleman near the surface. For the first six miles our progress could not have been less than twenty-five knots an hour, but the rudder, being turned square across the stern, offered so great resistance that it was but natural the shark should soon become exhausted and slacken speed. He was suffering, too, from loss of blood. His wound must have been severe, as the water in his wake was dyed a brilliant red. At the end of the ninth mile, according to my best reckoning, he stopped, made a great splashing, turned up his white belly and died.

It was a wild ride, the wildest of my life, but after the first shock and surprise I was inclined to enjoy the novelty of it. The danger did not worry me. The sea was as still as a frozen lake, and there was no sign of a storm. My only regret was that we had not traveled how on, as in that event there is no telling how far our sea-horse would have trotted with us. Dead, he was a beauty to look at. From tip to tip he was two feet three inches longer than the gig's oar, which measured twelve and one-half feet. I doubt if a larger shark was ever captured.

The captain of the *Ariel*, ever thoughtful, had sent a lifeboat to our rescue, and in two hours from the throwing of the harpoon we were at the steamer's side, with the shark in tow. If there is one thing sailors particularly delight in it is the dissection of a shark. They soon had this fellow on board, and in a trice he was opened. In his stomach they found among other things a black hand and part of an arm, much lacerated. I claimed his teeth, which were magnificent, if murderous, and I have them yet.

Having done enough for one day we were willing to rest on our laurels, but the captain, mindful of the assault on our hook the night before, invited us to sit up to see him do some harpooning in the dark. This we were glad enough to do. There was no moon, and the stars were not as bright as usual, but after once finding the billet of wood we had no difficulty in following its every motion. About eleven o'clock there was a disturbance in the water, but it immediately passed off, and we watched on unrewarded till eight bells announced the hour of midnight. With the last stroke there was a rapid movement of the float and a faint rattling of the chain. We were getting a bite!

The harpoon descended and there arose from the water a succession of the most hideous yells and screeches that ever woke the night. The watch were summoned and ordered to haul in the line, and by the time they had done so the whole ship was aroused. Up with the hook and harpoon came the writhing body of a citizen of the community of Basse Terre, a copper-colored citizen, a native, through whose thigh the harpoon had found its way as he was in the act of sneaking off with our precious five pounds of junk. The wretch, worse scared than hurt, though his wound was a painful one, was tossed overboard and ordered to swim ashore, which we know he did, as we saw him on the following day hobbling along the beach. How he escaped the sharks is a mystery.

At daybreak I was in the gig with two trusty sailors, looking for game. One steered, the other rowed, while I knelt in the bow, harpoon in hand. A good magazine rifle was within easy reach, and at my feet was a hatchet. We were thus armed against any emergency. Casting off, we drifted under the stern of the steamer, and putting out my hand to keep the boat from bumping against the rudder-post, I caught a glimpse of something yellow flashing through the crystal sea. Drawing back quickly I was just in time to escape the loss of an arm. The shark was out of sight before I could raise the harpoon. An hour passed without bringing us any luck. Our friends on deck counted sharks by the dozen, but we were too close to the water to see them. The eagerness with which my hand was sought led me to believe that the cunning devils might be induced to rise to a handkerchief, so tying mine to the blade of an oar I instructed one of the sailors to do a little fly-fishing. The stratagem was a success from the start. Up sped a smart tiger the instant the piece of linen touched the water, but the rascal was not a hundredth part of a second in discovering his mistake, and I launched the harpoon barely in time to catch him in the tail. He carried the weapon with him till the line became taut, but at the first jerk escaped.

The handkerchief soon excited the curiosity of another, who came straight toward me, and his flat head, within an inch of the surface, presented so fair a mark that I let him have it between the eyes. The angle was too oblique for the steel to penetrate his skull; it glanced off, only slitting the skin. After this I determined to take time for more careful aim, as a few more misses would put the whole school to flight. With all their malignant cunning, sharks, when once frightened, are easily stampeded.

My next essay was entirely satisfactory. A pilot swimming past the boat gave warning of the enemy's approach, and I was ready to meet him. He stopped within four feet of me, and I thrust the harpoon through his body an inch below the dorsal fin. He sprang clear out of the sea and dived straight for the stern of the steamer, which was not more than forty feet off. We had only fifty feet of line. To be dragged under the *Ariel* was certain death. There was but one thing to do—cut the rope. Gripping the seat firmly with one hand I felt for the hatchet. It had slipped back out of reach. To turn loose might give me to the

sharks, for in another second the gig would be jerked from under me; to remain where I was in the bow was to be dashed against the steel hull of the vessel and dragged under. There was but little time for thought and less for action. The two sailors, their faces blanched with fear, were clinging to the gunwales, waiting for the shock. It was a trying moment.

I slid toward the hatchet, got it, slid back, and was about to cut the line, when it occurred to me that it was slack. The shark must have gotten loose. Hauling in, I soon had it taut, and the boat began moving in the direction of the ship. Very slowly, very cautiously we approached, fearful lest the shark were playing us some trick. Reaching the rudder I came upon the shaft of the harpoon, and looking down through the clear water saw the shark. He was dead. The barb was still fastened in his body. His mouth was tightly closed on one of the blades of the screw, which had slit it back for more than a foot on either side, and his body was contorted so that the tail had become wedged between another blade and the stern-post. He was as effectually imprisoned as if he had grown there. We were nearly two hours getting him out.

I was not surprised to find him blind in both eyes. If he had not been sightless he would not have given me so excellent a chance to harpoon him; he would not have hastened his death by trying to swallow the propeller. The force with which he struck the screw was so great that the shock was felt by all on board the vessel. The captain thought he must have grounded. Lucky it was for us that something checked that mad flight. No power on earth could have saved us if the frenzied creature had passed under the *Ariel*.

Our next victim showed fight. It was a mature female whom the harpoon had caught in the right side, just back of the jaw. Unable to swim off with us, owing to the position of the weapon, she rushed for the boat, breaking both the starboard oars before we realized what had happened. She then attempted to leap over the gig, but failed. The next time she rose I shot her through the head with my Winchester. She measured twelve feet. Her death struggles must have frightened the rest of the school, as we did not see a fin during the remainder of the day.

On the following morning at break of day the *Ariel* steamed for St. Thomas. VICTOR SMITH.

LEOPOLD ERBPRINZ VON ISENBURG-BIRSTEIN.

WE give herewith a picture of Prince Leopold, the oldest son of Charles, sovereign German Prince of Isenburg and Birstein, and Louise, Archduchess of Austria. The principality of Isenburg and Birstein, which is a part of the German Empire, is situated near the river Rhine and the city of Frankfurt-on-the-Main. This princely family dates back as far as the year 993, being one of the oldest princely houses of Germany. It has played a very important part in the affairs of Germany, politically, militarily, and otherwise. Prince Leopold came to this



LEOPOLD ERBPRINZ VON ISENBURG-BIRSTEIN.

country some four months ago, accompanied by a suite, with a view of studying our institutions and the life of our people. While in this city he visited many industrial establishments, and during quite an extensive tour through the West, which he made *incognito* as Leopold von Isen, he made our agriculture, cattle-raising, and railroad systems his special study, expecting to derive great benefits therefrom in the management of his large estates in Germany. While in Washington he was the recipient of many attentions from the Diplomatic Corps, a banquet being given him by Sir Julian Pauncefote, the

Minister of Great Britain. While in New York he was introduced in society by Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer, who is Consul-General of Austria-Hungary in this city. He is expected to return to Europe shortly.

A CROCODILE'S VISIT.

"WE were speaking just now of antipathies, which are certainly a very curious study. King Vladislav of Poland, one of the strongest and boldest men in Europe, used to faint at the smell of an apple. The bravest man that I ever knew could not hear a dog bark without starting; and I must confess that I myself have a mortal horror of a bath!"

There was an audible titter from the ring of ladies around the colonel's chair, on the verandah of Watson's Hotel at Bombay; and the portly Mrs. Commissioner Bowlby, arching her aquiline nose in majestic scorn, said, pointedly:

"I always thought, Colonel Musgrave, that you gentlemen of the army were afraid of nothing, and I should hardly have supposed that soap and water could have any terrors for you."

"Probably not, madam; but when you learn the cause of my antipathy I think you will admit that I have good reason for what might otherwise appear a senseless prejudice," replied the veteran, with a look and tone of such gloomy earnestness as to quench at once all tendency to mirth among his hearers. "It was seven years ago, when a part of my regiment was stationed at Fathilabad on the upper Ganges, and I (being then senior major) was acting as commandant of the post, that an adventure befell me that has left an indelible brand upon my life.

"My quarters needed a good deal of repairing, and while I was at it I built myself a bath, which I privately thought a masterpiece. It was nearly eight feet long by four deep, and the pipes went straight into the river (which was just outside, and pretty clean for India), so that, if I happened to want more water, I had only to turn a screw and pump it up, instead of having to halloo for my *bhisti* (Hindoo water-carrier) and to wait till he fetched it for me.

"Then, too, when I'd done I just pulled up a sort of shutter at one end of the bath, and away went all the water to the river; and to crown all, I had an iron grating, which, when shut down, covered the whole bath-place, and secured me from all risk of snakes, scorpions, or centipedes falling on me from the ceiling; and when open, it made a tip-top reading-desk, on which I could put a paper or a book, and read while lying at my ease in the cool water. Little did I dream, in my pride at my contrivance, that it was to bring upon me the most frightful experience of my whole life!"

The ladies began to look scared, and even the stately Mrs. Bowlby was visibly impressed.

"One day—a day I shall never forget," went on Musgrave, with deepening solemnity, "I had gone as usual for my early bath, when I became aware of a strong smell of musk, and suddenly saw emerging from the water-way that led to the river (which either I or my servants had stupidly left open) the horny, mud-plastered snout, short thick fore-paws, grinning teeth, and small, cunning, cruel eye of a crocodile!"

"The door was locked and bolted, and before I could reach and open it, he would be out of the bath and upon me. There was only one chance for me! Quick as thought, I sprang upon the bath-grating (which was luckily closed) and held it down with all my might, shouting for help as loud as I could bawl.

"And then began a battle for life and death, I putting forth all my strength to keep down the grating, and the crocodile trying his hardest to force it up; for the sight and scent of so much fresh meat close to his nose seemed to make him furious, as well it might.

"Luckily for me, the beast hadn't room to lash his tail to and fro, or he'd have beaten the grating to bits in no time. But even as it was, his struggles were so tremendous that more than once he almost flung me off on to the floor; and I saw that if I could not find some way of disabling him, it would soon be all over with me. Just then a thought struck me. I made a desperate plunge (the strain of which I still feel at times), and just managed to reach the tap and turn on the hot water!"

One or two of the ladies looked dubiously at each other, as if thinking that the story was beginning to verge upon the marvelous, but the old soldier proceeded with a stern and solemn emphasis that might have convinced Voltaire himself.

"The shutter had slipped down behind the brute as he crept in, so that neither he nor the water could escape, and the moment he felt himself scalded his struggles became so frightful that I felt as if I couldn't hold out a minute more, especially as the steam from the boiling water was burning me from head to foot. But

presently his plunges began to grow fainter (the hot vapor was choking him, I suppose), and just then I heard a patter of feet outside, one of the glass panes of the door was smashed in, a hand came through and unfastened it, and in poured my niggers in a body and made short work of Mr. Crocodile."

The colonel paused for a moment or two to heighten the effect of this impressive climax; and a long-drawn breath of relief from his hearers told how greatly the stirring tale had excited them all.

"Then," he resumed at length, "a bright idea came into my head. It occurred to me that to boil a crocodile whole in the shell—and in a bath, too—would be quite a novel experiment in cookery, so I called up my *bobbachee* (native cook) and told him to keep the water hot and let the fellow simmer till he was well done. By *tiffin* (lunch) he was done to a turn; and I can assure you that—except for a rather strong flavor of musk—I never ate a better dish in my life!"

When the story ended there was a moment of embarrassing silence; and then the majestic Mrs. Commissioner Bowlby drew up her portly form with an indignant sniff, and, shooting a withering glance at the unabashed colonel, said, sternly:

"Colonel Musgrave, I do believe you have been actually hoaxing us all this time!"

"Why, my dear madam," replied the old warrior, with a sly twinkle in the corner of his dark-gray eye, "have you only just found that out?"

DAVID KER.

FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

THE ENGLISH DERBY.

WE give from the *Illustrated London News* two pictures apropos of the British Derby, which was won by Lord Bradford's chestnut colt, Sir Hugo, with odds of forty to one against him. Lord Bradford won some \$5,000 in addition to the stake of \$30,000.

BLESSING THE SEA.

Our picture of the blessing of the sea at Etretat, near Havre, France, is from the *London Graphic*. This singular religious ceremony, peculiar to this ancient town of Normandy, is thus explained by that journal: "Two centuries ago a small river flowed down the narrow valley that here breaks the continuity of the high chalk cliffs between Havre and Dieppe. A violent storm from the northwest, on Ascension Day, 1690, sent the sea far up this gully, and submerged the small fishing-town which nestled on its steep slopes; but the waves left behind them a memorial of their power in the shape of a shingle bank, which has served ever since as a bulwark against their incursions, and every year since that memorable flood, on Ascension Day the clergy of Etretat walk in procession from the church to the beach, and there bless the sea and bid it respect its present boundaries."

CHANGING A RAILWAY GAUGE.

The work of changing the gauge of the Great Western Railway in England from the broad to the standard gauge of four feet eight and a half inches has just been consummated. An army of men was employed, and the entire work was accomplished in a day and a half. With this change the last link of the broad gauge in England has disappeared. There has long been chaos in the railway systems of Ireland and England owing to the varying gauges of connecting roads—those gauges ranging from 6 feet 2 inches to 4 feet 8½. On the Great Western not only were passengers from the standard gauge required to change carriages, but the greatest difficulties arose in the goods traffic, as all the innumerable classes of goods carried on trucks had to be removed from the cars of one gauge to the cars of the other, and during these operations there was serious loss from pilferage and detention, besides a great loss of time, etc. According to the *Graphic* "the expense in transferring any article was equivalent to the cost of its conveyance over one hundred miles of railway. The matter became so serious that a royal commission declared its opinion that the continued existence of varying gauges was a national evil. In 1846 it had been enacted that all railways in Great Britain, except the Great Western, should be of the standard gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches, and in Ireland of 5 feet 3 inches. In 1867 there were 1,456 miles of broad gauge and twenty-six places where the two gauges met. A line that was handicapped by a different, though it might be a better, gauge could never hold its own. Accordingly, bit by bit, the broad gauge has been abandoned. This year, out of over 2,500 miles of line, only 426 were broad gauge at all, and of this all but 163 were available for standard-gauge traffic as well.

Twenty years ago the Great Western and its allies had upward of seven hundred broad-gauge engines. This year, though its mileage has doubled in the interval, the number had shrunk to two hundred."

THE RECENT PENNSYLVANIA HORROR.

IN western Pennsylvania, which three years ago was visited with the unparalleled calamity of the Johnstown flood, another and somewhat similar happening has desolated the oil region and claimed its sacrifice of hundreds of human lives. The stricken towns are, chiefly, Titusville and Oil City—the former situated on a tributary of the Alleghany River called Oil Creek, and the latter at the junction of the two streams. On Saturday evening, the 4th inst., a veritable cloudburst over the high land of Crawford County caused a sudden overflowing of lakes and streams, and a bursting of dams, which swelled Oil Creek into a raging torrent, and flooded the streets of Titusville. This town being in the heart of the oil region, the banks of the stream were lined with petroleum refineries and reservoirs. On Sunday morning a capacious tank of gasoline, overturned by the flood, spread over the surface of the raging waters, and then took fire from a furnace in the adjacent works. A terrific explosion followed, and one after another, all along the creek, tanks and stills became ignited and were blown up, throwing floods of burning oil upon the stream. This swept on, an appalling combination of flame and flood, down the eighteen miles to the junction with the Alleghany at Oil City, engulfing villages and works all along its course. Oil City, inundated first, then struck by the awful fiery cataract, was swept over by a cloud of flame seventy feet high, which licked up buildings in its course, and struck down scores of panic-stricken men, women and children who had been too dazed to escape to the hills. It appears at the present writing that as many as four hundred persons must have perished in Titusville and Oil City alone. This is exclusive of a dozen or more villages along the eighteen miles of Oil Creek between the two towns, whence the waters have not yet receded. With the reports from these places, the full extent of the calamity will be known.

The losses from the destruction of property are in themselves disastrous, mounting up into the millions. The suffering throughout the region is acute, calling for immediate and substantial relief. Titusville and Oil City have appealed to the public through the United Press. The dire distress prevailing here and among all the surviving victims in both Venango and Crawford counties has been forcibly represented to the sympathizing public, whose prompt and generous response in such moments has never yet failed. President Harrison was among the first to send a handsome contribution.



MRS. THERESA A. JENKINS, DELEGATE FROM WYOMING TO THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Graphology

We have been both surprised and pleased with the widespread interest aroused by our new Graphological Department. Applications have come to us from all parts of the world, and in numbers so unexpectedly large that we have been obliged to devise some scheme to insure prompt replies and satisfaction to all correspondents, as we are unable to afford the space necessary to print more than a limited number of readings each week. To this end we make the following announcement: Any applicant sending us fifty cents will be entitled to a short reading of character, to be sent immediately by mail, and the colored edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months; \$1, to a minute and circumstantial reading of character and the colored edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

B. C. J., Wyo.—Is reflective, calmly thoughtful, unimpulsive, capable of most reliable judgment, and possessed of a strong sense of justice. Firm, he is not aggressive; ready in idea and speech, he is not over-communicative. Perseverance is a leading trait, economy without meanness, taste that is critical but not ill-natured, ability for work calling for the combined effort of thought and pen, general steadiness of purpose, and a temperament that, though rarely making active resistance and not combative, is most difficult to influence or deflect from the conclusions of the brain.

R. R. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Has a warm, even ardent temperament, but it is not uncontrolled or ungoverned. While ready of speech and pen he is very capable of reticence when he chooses. There is versatility visible, a habit of contemplating his surroundings, considerable diplomatic ability, cleverness, and a most tenacious and determined will, sincerity and generosity of affection, and the probability of an exacting disposition, but the exactions of good temper and a cultivated mind. As a critic he would succeed, as he has many abilities in that direction, and a strong sense of self-respect to keep his path straight.

George D. Rise, Lebanon, Pa.—Is self-contained, self-reliant, fluent in idea, guarded in expression but always clear and distinct. He is candid, frank, good-tempered, careful in matters of detail, rather observing, and of a deliberate, unimpulsive temperament. He is more firm than would appear at first glance, and he has good judgment, good taste, and some moderate bit of originality.

M. X. T., Fremont, Ohio.—Is active, energetic, decided in opinion, observing, generally logical, and most distinctly ambitious. He is very fluent and possessed of considerable ease of expression, is impulsive, gifted with some imagination, good, healthy self-belief and a bit of egotism. He is persevering, tenacious, rather variable in disposition, and is candid and usually sincere. He is an optimist who sometimes loses courage, and is enterprising, capable, and courageous.

Ed Y. I. H. S.—Is ready of speech and communicative, variable in temper but not ill-natured, fond of expressing decided opinions but yet not especially decided or firm of will. A moderate degree of neatness is visible, affection and some sentiment, a capacity for industry, but little system. It is a careful hand, sincere and candid, with good self-respect. Many a more brilliant person would show far worse qualities.

408, Westfield, Mass.—You are refined, well-educated, and agreeable. Ambition is visible, and is of good type; also self-belief and fluent speech. Your will is firm but in no way aggressive. You have good taste, are most easily influenced through your sense of the refined and delicate, and have a faculty, as yet not fully developed, for firmly yet kindly controlling others. In all things you respect yourself and much enjoy the appreciation of others.

Rags, New York.—Is versatile, active, observing, good-tempered, and companionable. In speech she is ready, but not indiscreet. She is logical, clear-headed, possessed of good taste, fearlessness of idea, enterprise, and a bit of originality. Her temperament is warm, even at times enthusiastic. She believes in herself, is very persevering, tenacious and decided to the point of obstinacy. She is both accustomed to asserting and maintaining her opinions.

"Wedap," Parkersburg, W. Va.—Is observing candid in intention, ready in conversation, vivacious, affectionate, with a pretty touch of sentiment. She is given to little positivism, and has a knack of producing good effects by careful work. She is sincere, introspective, easily moved, most thoroughly feminine in temperament, and not difficult to influence when the proper means and methods are employed. She is very liberal, and her taste calls for all her surrounding to be on a scale of freedom bordering closely on extravagance. She is very individual and—though a bit complex—interesting. The pseudonym is somewhat illegible.

Mrs. J. G. S., St. Albans, Vt.—Is neat, careful, painstaking, industrious, and thrifty. Her speech is discreet. She is gifted with a pleasant imagination, is thoroughly sincere and truthful, her judgment is excellent, and her sense of justice to be depended upon. Self-respect is strong, but does not degenerate into vanity, and her handwriting speaks a conscience at rest and a heart free from evil thoughts.

Martha, Savannah, Ga.—You are neat, careful, well educated, refined, decided, tenacious in your opinions, and at times easily swayed by feminine caprices and vanities. You are fond of "the boys," but not inordinately so, and well enjoy a pleasant time. But you are not impulsive or over eager for pleasure. Nor should I consider you intellectual, but instead possessed of a practical, capable mind, candor, ordinarily a good temper, and a ready and fluent tongue. You are also just, not apt to be narrow in your views, and cannot fail of being a useful woman. But beware of being unduly introspective.



A PARTIAL VIEW OF THE RUINS.



LOOKING SOUTH, WEST SIDE OF BUSINESS STREET.



THE OLD COURT HOUSE.



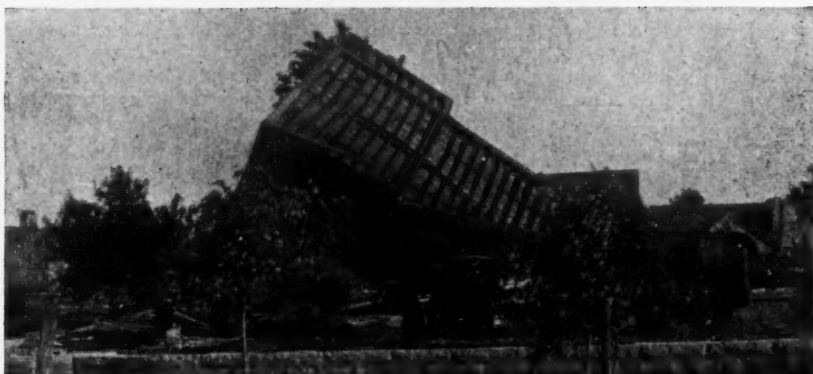
VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE OPERA HOUSE, LOOKING NORTH.



RUINS OF THE PHILLIPS HOUSE.



INSPECTING THE RUINS.

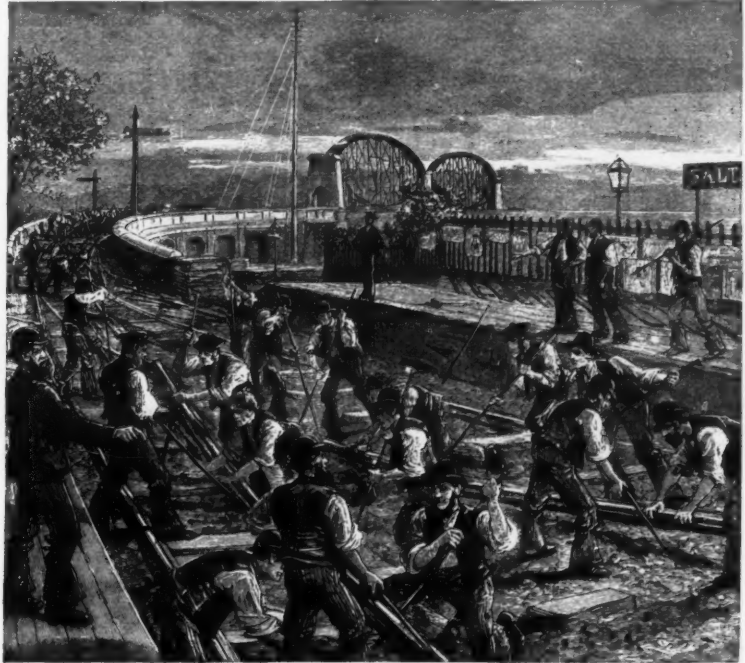


WRECK OF THE LUTHERAN CHURCH

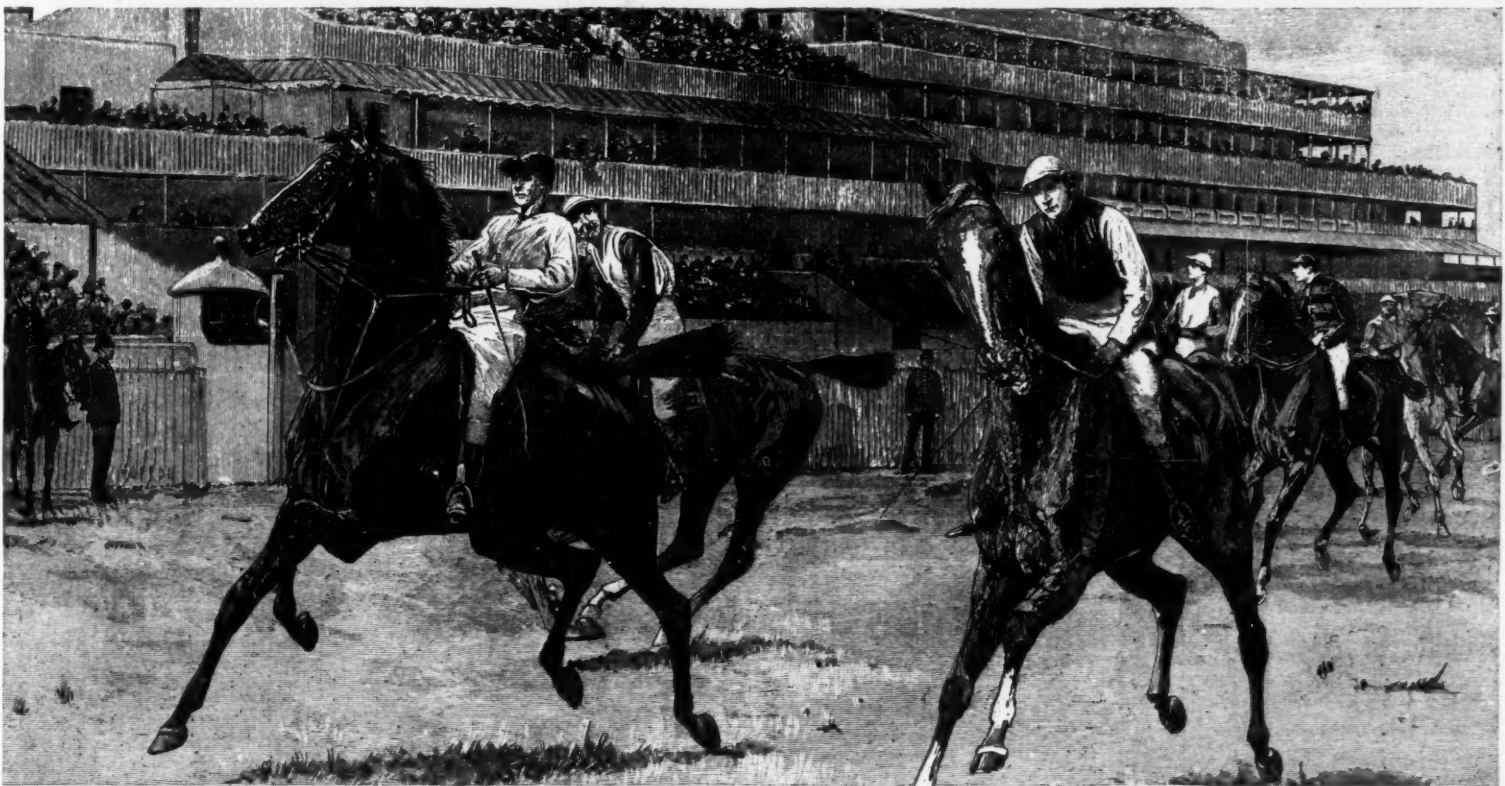
THE RECENT TERRIBLE CYCLONE AT WELLINGTON, KANSAS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 336.]



FRANCE.—BLESSING THE SEA AT ETRETAT, NEAR HAVRE.



ENGLAND.—CHANGING THE GAUGE OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.



THE ENGLISH DERBY—THE PRELIMINARY CANTER.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S DRAWING-ROOM—AFTER THE PRESENTATION.



AT THE ENGLISH DERBY—WAITING FOR THE START.

A MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY PLEASURE TOUR TO ATLANTIC CITY VIA THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just announced a delightful midsummer holiday tour to Atlantic City on July 24, returning July 31. Some of the assured features of this tour are a special train of Pennsylvania Railroad standard coaches, luncheon on the train going, a sojourn at the famous United States Hotel, a tourist agent, an experienced chaperon, and a baggage-master for the benefit of those taking trunks, as no charge will be made for the transfer of baggage. The special will leave New York at 11 A.M., Jersey City at 11:15, and stop en route at Newark, 11:29; Elizabeth, 11:38 A.M., and Trenton, N. J., at 12:30 P.M.

Rates for the round trip will be \$12.75 from New York, Newark, and Elizabeth, and \$11.25 from Trenton.

These rates include railroad fare, luncheon en route going, and accommodations at United States Hotel, Atlantic City, from supper, July 24, until including breakfast, July 31, 1892. Returning, the party will leave Atlantic City by special train 9 A.M., July 31, 1892, arriving in New York about noon.

The tour itself is based on a very liberal plan, and its success is assured from the fact that the holiday season will appeal to all needing and desiring an inexpensive, profitable, and delightful tour. Application for space and tickets should be made to Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York.

The finest train between Boston and New York is the "Springfield Line" Limited, which leaves either city at 12:00 noon, due at 5:40. It is composed entirely of drawing-room cars, and the rate is \$6.00, which includes seat in drawing-room car.

THE TOURIST. Have you seen it? Utica, N. Y.

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No buffet should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the South American appetizer.

Brown's Household Panacea. "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

Musical people who call at the warehouses of Sohmer & Co. may be assured that they will find what will gratify the most cultivated musical taste in every respect.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
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If you are contemplating the purchase of any Musical Instrument or Musical Merchandise, it will pay you to correspond with



Manufacturers of Pianos, Church Organs, Parlor Organs, Double Action Harps, Single Action Harps, Guitars, Mandolins, Zithers, Violins, Banjos, Band Instruments, and other Musical Instruments. Locations: 200 West Madison Street, Chicago; 100 West Madison Street, Chicago; 100 West Madison Street, Chicago.

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Founders and Promoters of Griffith
Room 480, 138 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

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SOUP DEPARTMENT, KANSAS CITY, MO.

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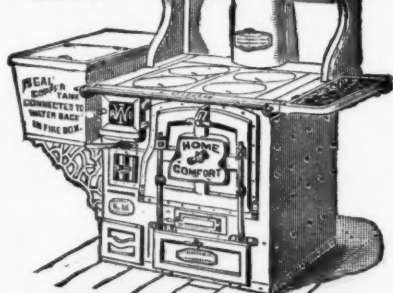
A GREAT Home Comfort. It drives all flies away by the shadow and movement of the wings while revolving. Will run 15 minutes at a time, and can be wound by simply turning cross-piece at top of base. No key required. EVERY FAN GUARANTEED. Price, \$2.50 each. If you cannot buy from your hardware or house-furnishing dealer, write to MATTHAI, INGRAM & CO., Baltimore, Md. SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

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"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

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closest friends of Tammany would not
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DAVID B. HILL doesn't just now believe in
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A box of
**BEECHAM'S
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Giddiness,
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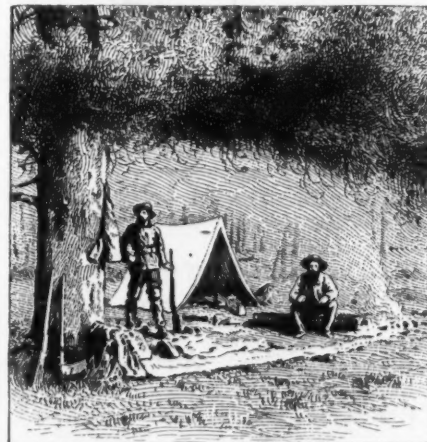
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